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Getting Colder.....

'Ere!

Detritus Importantis

Herald Masthead

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Cool, Capable Co-Editor in Charge of Finance: Jennifer Kelly, the Snoochie Boochie Queen of rock
Hark the Herald Secretary of Sweetness: Carolyn Parr, Seductive superstar symbolizing style
Godly Computer-Wizard: Damien Fox, a truly kind individual who put up with ignoramuses(17)
Hot, Hip & Hardcore Copy Editor: Ian Pryde, clean hands, clean - no, just plain great (hl mom)
Godsend of the month and General Assistant to the Herald: Sue Stephenson, a truly divine Bard

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Herald Thanks and Information

Feel free to drop any submissions to room 305 (old building) Innis College, anytime during the week. Our phone number is 978-4748, and FAX is 978-5503. Our address is rm 305, Innis College, 2 Sussex Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, M5S 1J5.

To all the who wrote for this issue (or the last one, for that matter), thanks for coming out. We are only here because of you.

The Innis Herald is the monthly, student-run newspaper of Innis College. The Innis Herald has an open-letter policy. We reserve the right to edit any submissions, including sexist, racist or homophobic contents, in consultation with the author. All writing must be submitted with the author's signature and phone number. The views and opinions expressed in the Innis Herald attribute only to the authors and do not reflect the opinion of Innis College and the student body. Really, we're glad that you are reading this.

PEACE! Oh, and happy stuff. May your holiday season be all you wish it to be.

DECEMBER EDITORIAL

A Herald Call for Action

Each month I am faced with the interesting task of writing a relevant, insightful editorial for all the readers of this fine publication. Pedantics aside, most of my relevant insight has already been consumed by the mountain of work that is this newspaper, my thirty page essay on the works of Salman Rushdie and the three finals I am about to fail in the next couple of days. Still, even at ridiculously late hours (aided by only a few faithful supporters, two packs of DuMaurier Extra Lights and my trusty thermos of STRONG coffee), there is a relevant issue floating about the halls of Innis College that should be brought to your attention...even if I am too tired to shed much insight.

Innis College has been a part of the World University Service of Canada (WUSC) since the seventies. WUSC is a program that elicits support from Canadian Universities, namely the cash to finance the university education and upkeep of a refugee student from any number of third world countries. As it stands, Innis College is the only college at U. of T. that participates in the program, a three dollar levy coming off of every student's fees to produce a grand total of 3600 odd dollars. This year it means that the additional \$4400 that it costs to keep the refugee student (who incidentally is named Qahar, is very nice and works in our Registrar's office) warm, clothed and fed is being generously funded by our kind I.C.S.S. budget.

The responsibility of maintaining the WUSC program presently falls largely on the shoulders of one individual, the inapily titled "education commissioner" of the I.C.S.S. There have been many problems with this in the past, namely that most of the actual duties of that person take place in the summer, thus making it mandatory that the education commissioner stay in town for the summer. Incidents have arisen in the past years where, due to miscommunications, absence on the part of the commissioner and flat out procedural errors, complications such as there being no one to pick up the student at the airport, situational quandaries (like rent cheques and phone bills) and insufficient funds have brought the College Council to the point of ix-naying the entire program.

Not particularly wanting to scrap what is obviously a constructive and fruitful use of a few dollars off everybody's (already huge) tuition fees, the college is now looking to find a way of continuing The WUSC tradition, planning a sub-committee to organize everything properly and considering the possibility of a further student levy of four or five dollars each. Four dollars matters little to me when I'm shelling out thirty-six hundred odd plus books for the rest of the "educational experience" that euphemizes this crazy stress-filled lifestyle. In other words, if we're paying for it, it's gotta be worth something; if it helps someone other myself at a supplementary 0.001% of what I already pay, it's worth more. I haven't seen much of my S.A.C. fees (incidentally, quite a bit higher than the WUSC levy) other than the ugly T-Shirt during frosh week and the occasional free condom.

This long-winded narrative serves once again as a call to action. If you are interested in joining or helping the WUSC sub-committee then drop by the I.C.S.S. office (rm. 115, Innis College) or give them a call at 978-0840. It is the kind of issue that, at this time of year when most of us are wondering why we bother with this school-trip, helps to remind us that the university experience is not limited to the piece of paper you get at the end; it has something to do with being constructive and feeling good about it when it benefits the people you co-exist with. I really, really don't mean to sound preachy, but the WUSC program is a good thing. It's even better than coffee. Besides, it truly is something positive to think about when you're about to miss the due date on your final essay or about to flunk a rapidly approaching final. Sorry, end of rant. I'll be more coherent next month, I promise.

SNOOCHIE BOOCHIES

Confessions of a Rocker...

I actually got dressed up for Hallowe'en this year - which, in itself, may not seem like a big deal - but I hadn't gotten dressed up since grade ten and I was extremely excited. (grade ten Hallowe'en sucked... I was dressed as a nun and I got egged...) In any event, my boyfriend and I decided to go to a Hallowe'en party dressed as Sid and Nancy (and I hope, hope, hope most of you know who I mean). Much effort went into the planning of costumes.

Various sudry and second hand stores were visited. Several dog chains were purchased. My boyfriend's closet was searched. I even went to a "beauty store" to buy a wig. Unfortunately, the model I wished to purchase (described in the catalogue as the "hooker" wig...) ran something like fiddy bones, which I was not willing to part with. I wasn't THAT excited. I ended up getting a fluorescent yellow wig at WalMart for \$6.99.

All in all, I thought we were pretty passable. Only two people at the party knew who we were. Two. (A honkin' big snoochie boochies noochies goes out to Sugar Daddy Moth...) One guy thought I was supposed to be Blondie, which was admirable. Someone actually thought we weren't wearing costumes. What? Then I realized... no punk rock past. That had to be the problem.

I don't have too much punk rock in my past myself, but I have enough to not be puzzled when the names Sid and Nancy are mentioned. In fact, the only two bands I listen to with any consistency that could be considered "punk rock" are The Clash and Bad Religion. Two highly intelligent and extremely talented bands, by the way...

Some who know me well call me the queen of easy listening. I know it all - from Rick Astley to Lionel Richie. Those who don't know me all that well but think they're funny call me Death Metal Jen. I may have been through an inordinately long heavy metal period, but you wouldn't have caught me dead at an Obituary show (although I will admit to having seen Slayer - and enjoying it).

So now I get to the point of this column... My name is Jennifer Kelly, and I am a rocker. Few things in my world compare to the fat beats of Tom Petty. Not much gets me going like a good Steve Miller song. John Cougar Mellencamp? He rocks. I think it all started when I was young. My older sister is seven years older than me and so when I was in that phase where I thought everything she did or said or wore or listened to was it on a fucking stick, she was jannin' to Bad Company or The Police.

Having been raised in the "deep south", I developed an appreciation for bands like C.C.R. and Lynard Skynard. Love those good ol' southern boys... Back in the day, I actually watched the Country Music Awards for several years running and rooted for Alabama to win "Band of the Year".

Add to that the fact that the only decent radio station where I grew up was the "rock n roll hits of the 60's, 70's and 80's" station (94.9 ZETA fm), and you'll understand why I jam to Blues Traveller when I do the dishes. The only other station that was close to being "cool" was 103.5 WSHE - whose slogan was "she's only rock n roll...".

What can I say? My sister went to high school with Saigon Kick... The first album I ever bought was "Pyromania" by Def Leppard. I don't know. I have no idea why I'm telling anyone this. Exorcising my demons, perhaps. So, that's all I have to say about that. Watch out for pearls of wisdom to come in the next issues of the Herald. I guarantee, not only will you understand a little better what makes something very luscious, very rocking but you will soon sink into the groove of a snoochie boochie world.



The Question of Kwanzaa

Steve Richman

One of the great privileges of writing for the Innis Herald, is the opportunity to save time and money on holiday cards by using this paper as a means of saying Happy Holidays to each and every one of you who bothered to read this article.

Dear friends,

Happy Hanukkah to all of you who celebrate the Jewish holiday of lights!

Merry Christmas to the multitudes of Christians who spread the holiday spirit!

Happy Kwanzaa... Happy What?

I'm sorry, but today was the first time I have ever heard of this holiday. Maybe, I have had my head stuck in sand or possibly I am just stupid. Either way, since my ignorance has led me to miss Kwanzaa for the last 19 years, I am going to try to inform you about the basics of this holiday, just in case you are as dumbwitted as me.

Kwanzaa is an African-American spiritual holiday based upon the seven principles called the Nguzo Saba. Dr. Maulana Ron Karenga, a key participant in the American civil rights movement, devised, developed, then put into motion this non-religious celebration of the soul. Kwanzaa is a Swahili word meaning "first fruits." An African word was chosen to remind African Americans of their homeland. A theory called Kawaia provides the cultural principles for social revolutionary change in Black America. By exposing individuals to the ability to learn and celebrate their heritage, this idea of change becomes closer to reality.

Kwanzaa is a spiritual, festive and joyous celebration of the oneness and goodness of life. Many of the symbols and practices are designed to strengthen our collective self concept as a people, or honour the past, and to critically evaluate the present situation while committing ourselves to a future filled with increased productivity and better spirit. Kwanzaa is not just a celebration that comes once a year, it is a way of life.

The focus of Kwanzaa is the importance of relating the past in order to better comprehend the present and deal with the future. The idea is that a people who have never looked backward to their ancestors will never look forward to posterity. Therefore, the purpose of this holiday is to maintain and celebrate history. "History is knowledge, Identity and Power." It is important within this way of life to practice the principles in our lives that helped our ancestors to endure oppression, slavery and racism for the last several centuries. The goal which is important to the tradition of Kwanzaa is the development of a communal improvement of self-esteem. If people felt better about themselves to begin with, they would be more likely to want to better themselves further.

The actual holiday begins on December 26 and continues for seven days until January 1, New Years. Each of the seven days represents one of the seven days which shape this spiritual existence.

On the first day of Kwanzaa we celebrate the principle of Umoja which means unity.

On the second day of Kwanzaa we celebrate the principle of Kujichagulia meaning self-determination.

On the third day of Kwanzaa we celebrate the principle of Ujima which means to work together.

On the fourth day of Kwanzaa we celebrate the principle of Ujamaa which concentrates on supporting one another.

On the fifth day of Kwanzaa we celebrate the principle of Nia which means purpose.

On the sixth day of Kwanzaa we celebrate the principle of Kuumba which means creativity.

On the seventh day of Kwanzaa we celebrate the principle of Zumba stresses faith, especially faith in ourselves.

As Kwanzaa begins people begin to gather in the evening to light the candles of the Kinara and share their thoughts on the Nguzo Saba of that particular day. Straw hats, candles, the colours red, black and green, fruits and vegetables are all symbols which are used to celebrate this holiday. There is a great feast on the sixth night called Karuma. At this feast stories are told, songs are sung, and lots of good food is consumed. There is also a lot of talk of successful or famous black Americans and their role within the African American community. There is also the traditional exchange of gifts.

Listen, I got to go drink some beer now. I hope that I have been able to shed some light on the topic of Kwanzaa. In addition, I hope I have not offended anyone or misrepresented the true meaning of this new holiday.

Anyway have a happy whatever you celebrate and happy healthy and hardcore New Year.

Solstice Solidified

Jim Kall

The definition of the word solstice is "sun stands still". The scientific definition of a solstice is the point at which the sun is farthest from the celestial equator. Two of them occur each year - one in summer and one in winter. For some reason, I assumed I would find information on solstice festivals relating to Druids or the ancient Celts. In fact, I did not. Turns out that the solstices are based on a different calendrical cycle (I think...) and there was no info to be found in the library. So I went to the internet back up resource, the Internet.

Winter Solstice occurs at a time of year when, historically, people were at a disadvantage. It was cold (in many places) and dark quite a bit of the time. They had no control over the weather (we still don't...) and no real means of predicting when or where the weather would become inclement and pose a threat. On top of that, there was always the chance that supplies would run out and no more could be procured.

Obviously, people today do not have to contend with these possibilities. We can watch the weather channel before we leave the house in the morning and if we run out of bagels and cream cheese we can head off to the nearest Great Canadian Bagel. This time of year does affect many people however, whether or not they realize it. There exists a mental disorder called SAD (seasonal affective disorder) that causes depression (apparently caused by the "lessening of exposure to light"). The winter solstice, therefore, being the shortest day of the year, contributes to this disorder.

Apparently, there are more festivals associated with the winter solstice than with any other time of the year. (So where is all the information on them?) The Roman Solar Cult held their major festival on the winter solstice. Interestingly, it happened to fall on December 25th in one particular year. This became a traditional date and eventually Christians accepted it as the date of the birth of Jesus Christ.

There are four greater and four lesser festivals each year in the Wiccan calendar. (these are called sabbats) Winter solstice, or Yule, is one of the lesser festivals. Some holiday traditions can trace their roots back to this festival. Mistletoe, for example, grows atop the oak (sacred to the Wiccans), at the point closest to the sun. I've got to wonder why I never learned about THAT in Sunday school...

There is a festival celebrated in Iran called Sada whose aim is to "symbolically stimulate the sun to get stronger". The Zuni First Nation celebrates "Shalako" and the Hopi hold festivals to "insure the victory of light over darkness". As well, the winter solstice has significance for the people of the Lakota First Nation. According to Paula Giese, the winter solstice is the only time during the year when all (or almost all) of the Lakota named stars - the sacred circle of stars - appear in the sky simultaneously. The sacred circle rises due east, sets due west, and reaches its absolute zenith in between.

This year, the moon will be dark during the winter solstice. What does that mean, you ask? It means the Milky Way will be visible - and you may catch a glimpse of the Crab Nebula. Happy pagan frolicking!!!

Information from:

Del Chamberlain, Von. "Winter Solstice is a Celebration of Life", Hansen Planetarium Directory.

Giese, Paula. "Lakota Winter Solstice Stars", (c) 1995, 1996.

"Solstice", Microsoft (r) Encarta. Copyright (c) 1994 Microsoft Corporation. Copyright (c) 1994

Punk & Wagnall's Corporation.

Snively, Deborah. "Celebration of the Winter Solstice", Christmas Traditions Around the

World homepage.



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Rez Says

INNIS GOES ONLINE

Paul Leventis & Gregg Patkowski

The Innis Residence will soon have a presence on the Internet. The new Innis Residence web-site, organized by Paul Leventis and Gregg Patkowski, will be hosted by Campus Life, a University of Toronto web server. It will serve both Innis residents and people interested in Innis through the organization of Innis network resources and student activities, posting of Innis news and events, and by providing a student viewpoint of life at Innis.

The Innis residence already has what no other residence does: a residence-wide Ethernet network. Over this network residents perform many tasks such as the sharing of data and multimedia files, printer sharing, and best of all, network games. In addition, this network is directly connected to the University of Toronto Internet backbone, providing a full-time, high-speed Internet connection to every resident. However, the internal resources of the Innis network are difficult to access. Many resources require passwords for security reasons, and the data is organized by computer, making it difficult to find what you want.

Enter the Innis residence web site. This site will act as a starting point for both Innis residents and remote users alike. It will serve as a central directory for Innis network content, providing a "point-and-click" interface to internal references. Though it is unclear at this time whether internal network data will be available to non-Innis browsers, this possibility is being explored.

Another prime use of this site will be for the distribution of the news and events of Innis. Floor- and residence-wide events will be advertised and detailed information will be provided, enabling Innis residents to find out what's up from the comfort of their own rooms. Other possible items of information could be the minutes of IRC and floor meetings, requests for volunteers for Innis events, and announcements by the administration.

Possibly the most useful aspect of the web site from an internal aspect will be the student information. We hope that all residents of Innis will have a small corner they can call their own ranging from a small description of who they are and a picture to a collection of artwork or a favourite recipe book. Hopefully this will allow residents to find people with similar interests and put a name to some of the anonymous faces in rez.

The Innis web site will be open to content from any Innis resident, and people are encouraged to form their own interest groups. For example, the web site could act as a meeting place for people interested in playing head-to-head net games, or for people wanting to play a game of football. The uses of the site are numerous; the realization of the potential of the web site is up to residents.

For more information, please e-mail Paul at leventis@ecf.utoronto.ca, or Gregg at patkows@ecf.utoronto.edu, or drop by rooms 107 or 10 Innis College. Gregg is a 1st year Computer Engineering student, and Paul is in 1st year Engineering Science.

ASK THE RESIDENCE BITCH

Moana Boute

Hey Hey Innisites, your resident bitch therapist Moana here again for another bitching session. Just to clear up any confusion, those ever eye-catching, imaginative bitch boxes are located in the lobbies of the residence and Innis College... so use 'em!

Our first bitch for the month of December comes from an Innis resident. He/She/It writes:

"I'd like to bitch about the fact that no one in residence sleeps at a decent hour."

Well, "Kept up Late", unfortunately the immense course load at the University requires students to study profusely. Thus, there will be an abundance of dedicated, hard working individuals up until the wee hours of the night, trying to learn as much as they possibly can. I'm sure they don't mean to intrude on your beauty sleep, I mean some do tend to blast their music very loud as a means of studying, and others choose to consume large quantities of alcohol and hurl loudly outside of your room before they get down to some serious learning. Don't be alarmed, these are legitimate ways of acquiring knowledge for a large majority of Innis students. So, my advice, invest in some cotton balls for your ears or ... a mickey of vodka. A few shots before bed should help you block out the noise.

This next bitch comes from an Innis student. She/He/It writes:

"I'd like to bitch about men."

Ah men. I've often bitched about them myself. Those complex beings who make life ever so interesting. They are the only creatures I know of that think with their heads, often the ones between their legs. They need us just as bad as we need them, and one glorious day we shall live in hippie harmony. But in the meantime, my advice to you would be to let go of the bitterness ... either that or become a lesbian.

Our next bitch comes from an other Innis resident. He/She/It writes:

"I really need to bitch about my roommates. They're impossible to live with. None of us get along, and I hate them."

Easy there bitter bud. It looks like *YOU* seriously need to let go of some bitterness. Roommates are an ongoing problem it seems. The Mr. President man addressed the same woe in a superb manner in the September issue. It would be well worth your while to check it out. Living with people requires a great deal of sacrifice and compromise. Since you do have to live with these people for a few more months, I suggest that you open the lines of communication and talk things over with them. Also, hate is such a strong term. Utter dislike sounds much better. However, if talking things over doesn't work there are a few options open to you. You could just ignore them, move out or ... invest in an uzi, call a suite meeting and blow them away when they're all present. Your choice.

Our last bitch comes from an Innis college student. She/He/It writes:

"Yeah, I'd like to bitch about the intrinsic nature of human virtue in apes."

Do you not know how utterly stupid your bitch is? Everyone knows that the highest level of human virtue lies in apes alone. To even dispute or downplay this fact is the mark of an idiot. Listen, the only advice I can give you would be to get off the pipe and invest a few more years in grade school.

Well, this wraps up the discussion of our bitching woes for December. Keep the bitching alive and drop by Innis College or the residence to help get things off your chest.

Moana's general advice: Keep the bitching level to a minimum in regards to the residence front desk staff. They ain't yo mamas.

Season's Greetings sez Rez Prez

Hello everyone! I hope that end of term essays and exams haven't reduced you to a quivering pile of jello (as they have me). We are almost halfway through our stay at the Innis Residence this year - was it good for you (so far)? More on the way in '97. Here is an update on some recent developments and upcoming events.

For those of you who are hooked up to the Internet, you should know that two Residence students have taken the initiative to create a Residence Internet. What this will mean is that students will be able to create their own web pages, announcements of House and Residence events will be available on-line, and network games may be available. For more information contact Gregg Patkowski (101) and Paul Leventis (107). Another update: because of overwhelming demand for the two VCRs available at the front desk, they are now being signed out for blocks of hours rather than overnight so that more people can be accommodated.

I know that I don't need to tell you (after putting signs on every suite bulletin board) but there will be an overnight ski trip happening January 17 to 19 at Mont. Ste. Anne, just East of Quebec City. \$157 includes transportation, accommodation, lift tickets for two days, and ski rentals. If you have your own skis, it will cost \$142. There are only 47 spots available, so I need to know soon (preferably before we leave for the holidays) who is interested. Please come talk to me (527) or call (351 7097) if you have any questions. This event is being sponsored by both the IRC and ICSS, so all residents and college students are welcome to sign up.

If you want to get involved next year, there are a number of brand new ways to do so. The residence will need committed people to attend weekly meetings of the WUSC planning committee. WUSC is an international group which sponsors a refugee student exchange program, which has been going on at Innis since the 70's. Lately there have been some technical difficulties with the program, and this committee will be responsible for coming up with a new plan of attack. If you are interested in this issue, please let me know. Also, there is a proposal for a new student lounge on the third floor of the old building at Innis college. A focus group of staff and students has been formed to discuss issues dealing with this proposal. If you think you might have some input on the subject, or if it sounds at all interesting to you, and you would like to be a member of the focus group, either come to an IRC meeting or talk to me directly. (Not that this matters, but my Don tells me that for students who want to get back into res next year, a deciding factor may be participation in student life.) Once again - suite 527, phone# 351 7097, e-mail d.abramson@utoronto.ca.

This is a good time for me to thank everyone who has come out to events so far this year, and a special thanks to all the house reps and council members for doing amazing jobs (you know who you are). It's my third year in Residence, and I've seen more spirit so far in the first term of 96/97 than in my previous two years combined. I want to remind all readers that your student government, the Innis on living in res from all students, and I hope that I can do a good job for

Upcoming ICSS Stuff:
January: Fabulous Furry Innis Ski Trip
The January Reconvening of the most popular club at Innis - yes, those wild and wacky knitters are at it again
The Innis 35th annual Formal, February 5th at the Harbour Westin Castle. Save up your pennies now, cause even with a GIGANTIC subsidy from the ICSS, it's going to cost a whoppin' thirty five bucks.

Escape from Innis

GETTING POKED FOR THE FIRST TIME

Miriam Speers

Many people are now looking at acupuncture as a new alternative therapy. It is worth noting that for the Chinese and other Eastern people, acupuncture is an established medical procedure that has been used for thousands of years to promote, maintain, and restore good health.

The traditional Chinese medical perspective is that the body has the ability to maintain itself in a balanced state provided its functions are working harmoniously. Acupuncture supports this natural process by ensuring that the body's resources are not impeded and thus, can work in an integrated and productive way, as they should.

The practitioner of Traditional Chinese Medicine seeks to establish and understand the patterns of disharmony by evaluating physical, mental, and emotional symptoms and thus identifying the root of the imbalance or dysfunction.

The objective is not merely to relieve or remove the symptoms, albeit one tries to alleviate any discomfort or pain, but to restore the body to its own balance-point of optimal functioning.

The holistic approach, i.e. treating the body/mind/emotions as integrated system is intrinsic to Traditional Chinese Medicine. An appropriate analogy might be to examine the way that we treat our cars. If a brake-pad wears out more quickly than it should, we take the car to a mechanic who can figure out *WHY* the pad is wearing out and fix the cause as well as replacing the pad itself.

When dealing with our bodies, we are often in such a rush to eliminate the symptoms and our ensuing discomfort, that we often think of healing in terms of a quick fix. We perceive ourselves as 'sick' and we want to be 'cured'. The TCM practitioner identifies which organ/organ systems are functioning in a deficient or excessive way, which are the consequences of this dysfunction and manifestations. By calibrating the appropriate 'part' at fault, the ripple effect changes from one of pathological consequences to one of harmonious functioning.

Acupuncture uses a system of Meridians and Channels with influential points on those same to alter the energy flow and fluid balance of the body to calibrate the optimal functioning of the body's organs. Herbal medicines are used concurrently to support these changes and adjustments from the inside, as it were. To draw another analogy, you can let out steam from a valve that is over-pressured due to an obstruction in a pipe. However, if the problem is a lack of steam production, you can supplement the heat by turning up the furnace. Acupuncture is the release of steam from the valve but the herbal medicines are better able to 'feed' the heat production in itself.

If you see a TCM practitioner, you will be asked many questions; your answers will help to form a picture of systems and patterns of functioning. The treatment you receive will be a multi-tiered approach to deal with your immediate symptoms in the short-term and to regulate your body functioning in the longer term. One of the most striking things you will notice is that many symptoms, which under a Western (allopathic) perspective are unrelated will be considered as completely normal and predictable from a TCM perspective. Everything from your appetite, sleep patterns, emotions and moods will tell your practitioner what is functioning in harmony and what is working in a counter-productive way. By tracing all the 'ripples' back to the central causative factors, a treatment can reasonably be prescribed.

Just as in any Western Doctor's office, remember your rights:

You have a right to be listened to, taken seriously and treated with respect and courtesy. You have a right to ask questions and be given answers and explanations. You should feel that your practitioner is competent and supportive yet that you are a part of this process of becoming healthier.

Furthermore, Acupuncture should not cause you pain, you should ensure adequate follow up if herbal medicines are prescribed and you should only allow **STERILE DISPOSABLE** needles to be inserted into your skin. Make sure that your Acupuncturist is qualified but also make sure that you help him/her to use their expertise by being honest. Lifestyle matters; if your instincts tell you that you cannot trust a practitioner with the truth about your lifestyle, trust your instincts and find a person you **CAN** talk to. Remember, if you find the right person, the two of you will be a good team and may be working together for a long time.

(Ed. note: Miriam Speers is a registered Traditional Chinese Doctor without whom half the executive would be sick right now.)

GOING DOWN DEEP

The sun beating down on the waves is heavier than the steel on my back. The anchor is lowered with resolution. I seem to grow fins as I fall backwards into the place that is my true home, and my life. I slowly descend from the underbelly of the boat on a line down to freedom. Only fragments of sun rays remain as I confront the depths of the ocean and myself; as I glide over the wall. As one of "those who dive" (which therefore permits me to look down on those who do not) I have become a visitor to a universe that is an entity in and of itself.

Humans have been intrigued by the mysteries of the depths for thousands of years, as ancient temple drawings have illustrated. Homer's Iliad, written in the 7th century BCE, makes mention of oyster diving. Breathing tubes (or primitive snorkles) were the first apparatus to be used to attempt to manoeuvre underwater. Military divers, or rather, swimmers, used breathing tubes in order to swim unseen beneath the surface of the water. The tubes were not very effective, for the diver was limited to surface operation, and could not observe the ocean floor.

The first record of a dive made in a bell was the descent of Alexander the Great in a diving bell designed by Aristotle in the 4th century BCE. Developments and improvements in underwater technology in the 17th century produced a refined diving bell, or inverted bucket structure with its bottom open to the water, suspended from the surface by cables. The device had to be weighted so it would sink. The air supply at depth would quickly diminish. The bell would fill with carbon dioxide and have to return to the surface to be replenished. The first diving suits and helmets of the 17th Century were enclosed diving bells with water tight openings for the arms and legs. The early suits limited freedom of movement at depth because there was no way to obtain a continual air supply. The 19th century brought pumps delivering air at depth under pressure to supply diving suits. The first fully enclosed dive suit was designed in the mid 1800s, when diving was an industry of considerable importance to Great Britain. The 20th century brought the demand regulator or mouthpiece, and high pressure tanks, therefore creating unrestricted mobility at depth and the acronym Self Contained Underwater Breathing Apparatus. SCUBA was born!

The major breakthroughs in diving technology have taken place within this century. Under the water the diver is completely dependent upon his equipment and his training. SCUBA diving is a very safe sport when one is trained. So what does it take to join the ranks of Jacques Cousteau, Alexander the Great and Mickey Hart, and enter the underwater realm? Training takes time and unfortunately a lot of money. After completing the basic diving course, one is qualified to dive in open water anywhere in the world. This course costs about \$300, and includes pool and open water training. To advance in diving one must take a variety of expert courses and log many hours under the water. Expert, night diving, navigation and instructor courses are available, as well as specialty courses, such as underwater photography and SCUBA rescue. Training is available out of any dive shop. Waterline Sports, at Avenue Road and Fairlawn, offers a variety of courses at reasonable prices (they have a payment plan). On campus, Hart House has a SCUBA club which organizes courses and dive trips.

In the absence of knowledge and training, diving can become very dangerous. For every three feet (3000 psi) the diver must equalize the pressure in his ears to avoid damage. Swimming to the bottom of a pool without clearing your ears could break your eardrum. I did that once while diving for a shot during an underwater hockey game. It hurt like hell and took a month to heal. My diving instructor told our class a story of a girl who was snorkeling and took a breath from a friend's diving gear at depth. She was not trained, so she did not know that she had to exhale continuously while surfacing. Her lungs exploded. It is also important to be wary of day long diving courses offered at resorts. My first dive was on one of those cruise courses in the Caribbean. It was very beautiful, but I realized when I took a proper course that I had put my life in danger. Not all resorts have quality equipment or certified instructors. Proper training and good physical condition ensure a safe dive. The diver relies on his equipment entirely underwater, so good equipment is also essential. One requires fins, boots, snorkel, mask, wetsuit (or drysuit in colder waters), a breathing apparatus, air, depth, direction and time monitors, a writing slate, a tank, and a buoyancy controlled vest to hold it all together. This array of equipment is very expensive, running into thousands of dollars. Rentals out of dive stores are less expensive, but over time they become costly.

Divers are a very unique group. In my experience many of them are hyperactive and eccentric. Perhaps they are experiencing nitrogen narcosis (becoming intoxicated at depths below 100ft. due to nitrogen) from spending too much time underwater. The trust that develops between divers is unique, especially the bond between diving buddies. Diving is a sport that can never be undertaken alone. Even if you have been paired for a dive with someone you have just met, you are going into a different reality together. You have to trust that partner, for you maintain one another's balance under the water. Communicating underwater is very different than it is on land. When diving, the senses are weakened, leaving the diver dependant on intuition and relaxation. Under the water you become tuned to your sixth sense, your center, your balance. Underwater you are breathing clean air, deeply, slowly, and continuously. You learn how to move fluidly, maintaining your body's neutral buoyancy. Dive buddies are left with a few diving hand signals and mask obstructed facial expressions as forms of communication. Underwater you can feel your partner beside you, the two of you move together, often holding hands meekly to make a human connection in that space of absolute isolation.

Environmental issues and diving are closely related. I may never be able to return to my first dive sight, Cozumel, Mexico, the place where I was reborn to the water - for the reef, which sustains the lives of millions of creatures, is being destroyed to build a marina for cruise ships. Divers themselves, especially inexperienced ones, often damage reefs and marine life as well by kicking the reef and stirring up bottom dust. Achieving, neutral buoyancy avoids this problem. Feeding marine life (therefore disrupting life cycles), spearfishing, even (believe it or not) riding on the backs of sea turtles causes damage. (I hold sea turtles in too high a reverence to even consider touching them). Diving, and its technology related to the science of air production is essential to current environmental issues. Our future under the sea may well determine our long term survival on this planet. The development of cleaner air to breathe underwater may well ultimately affect every aspect of our lives. The possibilities of our future under the sea are mind boggling. I am very lucky that I have the privilege of being, as diver (and drummer!) Mickey Hart's T-shirts state, a "Grateful Diver".

The Second Ever Innis Sex Page

Anonymous

Phalluses and Fallacies

I was walking through Sid Smith recently when I heard two girls talking about their weekend. Usually I'd not stoop so low as to eavesdrop, but the phrase I overheard was "Jesus, Marie, I've never been with a guy that was quite so pathetically awful in bed." My interest piqued, I sat down to ... uh... (ahem) study. I sat enthralled. What makes a man bad in bed? What unknowing wisdoms could these unwitting ladies pass on to a naive, gormless Rico Suave type like myself?

My virgin ears grew redder and redder as I realized that I was in fact guilty of most of the sins Marie's friend described. Not only had I not realized that some women need clitoral stimulation to climax, I'd also (foolishly; now I know) assumed that when a woman seemed to have had an orgasm, she had one for real. I hadn't realized that things work both ways all the time and that since I might have been given a blow-job, the woman might expect something similar... That's just not my thing. How many guys do you know who actually enjoy giving head? According to Marie's companion this makes me shitty in bed.

Does that really matter?

I ask of you women everywhere, how is a guy to know? Thanks to my new lobby-of-Sid Smith sex-ed teachers, I've learned a couple of things:

1. Never just stick it in. This, in my opinion, has often been the great culmination... Part of the ultimate satisfaction-post-anticipation factor. But I am apparently misled.
2. If it doesn't last more than two minutes it ain't good enough for the girl (oops, sorry, the delightful lady). I'd never have thought about it as (dare I say it) Pre-Mature Ejaculation, I'd always figured simply that it was good enough for me to come quickly.
3. According to those girls, men are inherently insensitive. You know the old joke, "how does a real man know when a woman has had an orgasm? A real man doesn't care." Well, I've tried to care, honest. I wanted to tell Marie's friend that a "real" man is likely too insecure to ask whether or not she had been well and truly satisfied. Sex isn't necessarily good or bad for a guy, especially when an orgasm can be simply the means to an uncomfortably horny end. Besides, it really isn't my fault that each woman is physiologically different and it might take a couple of tries to get everything shipshape.
4. In the immortal words of Marie, "why don't men realize that they have tongues for other uses than aiming their spit-balls?"

Like, really. Not to sound whiny or anything, but I fuck to come, not to practice tongue-in-traction procedures. (Should I have censored that? ed.) I've read the Joy of Sex, looked at the pictures in the Kama Sutra and I am reasonably well-hung. Doesn't that make me a Top Cheese? According to the Sex-O-Meter at the C.N.E. I am passionate and sensual, but not by Marie and her friend's standards. In their eyes, I am one of a plethora of slabs of meat who, aside from not being in touch with my feminine side (which I didn't even that know I had ...is it on the left or right?), am not aware of what makes a woman feel special.

Being bad in bed is a fact I am slowly coming to terms with (no pun intended). I have no desire to think of servicing the woman as a queen and her poonanny as sacred territory (thank you Saurabh Sharma), because basically, we are about to engage in a carnal, primitive ritual. It is the oldest ritual known to mankind dating back to the cavernmen... who were not known for their sensitivity (but aren't they all dead? ed.). My sensitivity is not even in question. I read poetry, wear black turtle-necks and watch Bravo. I don't even like football.

I bet at this point all you women out there are wondering if I have a girlfriend. Well, I have two. They don't know about each other but they are both quite happy with the state of affairs in terms of our sexual relationships. I see one on weekends and the other during the week. The missionary position was good enough for old priests and is good enough for me too. I don't cheat on them and can usually do it twice in one night. I even change the channels for one of my girls during sex so she can concentrate. Is this not the ultimate consideration?

Marie's friend described the poor sod as a "half-wilted wonder." It is a known fact that the male member is sometimes not very strong. It can even malfunction at times. This has happened to the best of us. Whenever it does I hang my head in shame. It's got nothing to do with being crappy in bed. At least most men don't actually crap in bed. I recommend listening to very loud Lynyrd Skynyrd...

She also mentioned that he slobbered all over her. This speaks for itself. This is unnecessary and rather unappetizing. Unless of course you have canine ancestry. I apologize to all the women out there that feel as if they've been slighted. I hereby vow never to slobber and to remember the tongue rule. I don't know if I'll ever like the taste of you-know-what but my tongue is hereon in at the disposal of the rest of the woman's body (as long as it is reasonably clean). The sound of "pathetically awful in bed" rings in my ears and I don't want it to be said about me or any of the Herald's male readers. Marie and her friend have instilled a new sense of purpose into my libido. Hell, I'll even try and do it four times in one night tonight to prove it. And then again this weekend to show that some men believe in equality.

Truth be told, guys don't give a flying fuck. Or a sitting one. Or even lying down. They take what they can get, 'cuz Boyz just wanna have fun too.

DILDOES ARE BETTER THAN MEN

Persephone

This article is the result of a late afternoon rant with some of my womyn friends. All of us were (and still are) going through severe man trouble. The subject of dildoes came up, as it always does when discussing men, and we came to the conclusion that we womyn don't need men - we can buy cocks that are bigger than anything we would normally pick up and they don't take up as much room. Anyways, here is a list of reasons why any sister who is sick of fucking men and doesn't feel it necessary to have any partner, male or female, should partake in the fine art of self-loving.

1. Dildoes are low maintenance, mild soap and water before and after use will just about do it.
2. You can share dildoes (after using the above technique and putting a condom on it) without any sort of killing jealousy.
3. Dildoes don't leave a bigger wet spot than you do.
4. Dildoes know what "NO" means.
5. You cannot get pregnant or contract any STD's (if you clean it properly after sharing) from dildoes.
6. Dildoes don't lie.
7. You don't have to explain to a dildo what a clitoris is.
8. Dildoes are always in the mood.
9. Dildoes don't fart and then deny it.
10. Dildoes don't make stupid comments on things that they know nothing about (i.e. menstruation, poltics, etc.)
11. Dildoes don't fuck around (unless you want them to).
12. Dildoes don't use stupid pick-up lines.
13. A dildo would not eat the last slice of cheese cake.
14. A dildo would not assume that it is the most qualified for the job simply because it is a dildo.
15. Dildoes don't leave dishes in the sink or socks on the floor.
16. Dildoes don't care if you gain 10 pounds.
17. Dildoes don't bail on you and then leave their stuff in your basement indefinitely (but I'm not bitter or anything).
18. A dildo would not bitch about your cat.
19. Dildoes don't join frats.
20. Dildoes don't assume that everything they say is gospel just because they're dildoes. There you have it grlz. This is a call. Give up that man and take up the latex beast. You have nothing to lose but your frustration.



Quotes About Sex

"Remember, if you smoke after sex you're doing it too fast" - anonymous

When authorities warn you of the sinfulness of sex, there is an important lesson to be learned. Do not have sex with the authorities. - From "Basic Sex Facts For Today's Youngfolk" in "Life In Hell" by Matt Groening

Aldous Huxley once said that an intellectual is a person who's found one thing that's more interesting than sex....

"Is it not true that sex degrades women..... If it is any good" - Alan Partridge - BBC Radio 4

I am still of opinion that only two topics can be of the least interest to a serious and studious mood - sex and the dead. - William Butler Yeats

The turtle lives 'twixt plated decks which practically conceal its sex. I think it clever of the turtle in such a fix to be so fertile. - Ogden Nash

Is Sex Necessary? Title of book by James Thurber and E.B. White

Carolus V, Emperor of Rome, was wont to say that the Hispanic tongue was seemly for converse with God, the French with friends, the German with enemies, the Italian with the feminine sex. - Mikhail Lomonoosov

The omnipresent process of sex, as it is woven into the whole texture of our man's or woman's body, is the pattern of all the process of our life. - Havelock Ellis

Is sex dirty? Only if it's done right. - Woody Allen

Give me chastity and continence - but not yet. - Saint Augustine

Sex-appeal is the keynote of our whole civilisation. - Henri Bergson

Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance? - Shakespeare

It is important to keep abreast of other tongues - Batman

The Second Ever Literary Supplement

The Duchess does Chapters

My first foray into journalism was to be at the Sarah, ex-Duchess of York book signing at the newly opened Chapters bookstore on Bloor. Fergie was in Toronto as a "single working mother" to promote "My Story," the autobiography she has recently penned (well, penned it with Jeff Coplon, but I just know it's those little tiny 'withs' at the bottom of celebrities auto bios who actually write the books). Fergie probably hopes everyone will buy her book and she won't be 5 million dollars in debt anymore. This was pretty much confirmed by her publicist, who informed the assembled masses that "her ultimate goal is happiness, peace, and prosperity."

As a reporter, I sharpened and alerted my senses to imbibe every detail. The first thing that I observed is that on the cover photo of her book, Fergie is wearing black leather pants and black Chanel nailpolish on her toes. The second thing that I noticed was that the 3 storey bookstore was packed with hundreds more people than had attended the Johnnie Cochrane, Robert Shapiro and Joan Collins bookstore signings COMBINED. I was initially surprised to learn that Fergie had written a tell all, as one of the conditions of her divorce settlement forbade her from telling her secrets. I guess that she got away with it by writing things like - "I feel happiest in my moments with Her Majesty - she is loyal, steadfast and consistent - the qualities I most admire." Funny, I thought that Fergie felt happiest having rough sex (can be substituted with "sunbathing in the nude on the Riviera", both are TRUE!) With virtually no opposition and no press pass, I gained admittance to the media gallery, which makes me concerned for poor Fergie's safety on future book tours. How was Chapters to know that I wasn't some pistol-packing fan described as "quiet" by my neighbors? When Fergie arrived, Chapters was transformed into an eddying mass of hysteria,

the slightly crazed energy as palpable as in a stadium full of British soccer

fans. Such is the drawing power of disgraced ex-royalty. Comparing the worshipful ebullition which greeted Fergie to the mild excitement generated at Alfred Sung's perfume sample signing at Eaton's, I was blown away. I mean, Alfred Sung single handedly introduced "beige" into the landscape of Canadian fashion!

In her defense, Fergie seemed very charming and sweet. Chapters had given out 500 cards, and their lucky possessors were the only people allowed to get Fergie's autograph (in a method similar to the golden ticket process of elimination employed in "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory"). The first thing the Fergie announced was that she would stay until she had signed everyone's book. She was being "Fergie the Pleaser", a term she cites FREQUENTLY throughout the psychoanalytical discourse which comprises most of her book. Fergie the Pleaser worked tirelessly, signing hundreds of books and making "you're so kind to wait this long" sound fresh every time. She appeared to be genuinely touched by babies. She stayed way over her scheduled departure time of one thirty and, unlike the press, refrained from snickering at the two teenage girls who were so overcome at meeting her they cried (people react similarly to Fergie, the Beatles, and the Pope). In fact, Fergie seemed pretty damn terrific, although I'm not going to remove some of my earlier, nastier statements in the interest of objectivity. Although I do feel guilty, Fergie even offered up an exclusive scoop to the Herald readers: her favourite beer is Beck's.

My Pal AL

Allen Ginsberg is my favourite '75 year old gay Jew'. When I found out that the King of May was coming to town, I decided to run down Queen Street, starving, hysterical, and naked, with a copy of Reality Sandwiches in hand, screaming out my favourite verses to nameless faces on the westbound streetcar.

One month later, Allen Ginsberg. Tonight. The ghost of Neal Cassidy floats through the deadbeat air of ConHall like the smell of orange flavoured sore throat candy. A million cheap colour photocopies, living and breathing, of Dean Moriarty, shuffle in front seats with a good view of "Ginsberg" - everybody's favourite dirty old gay guy.

The vibe is creepy. Everybody (myself included, I admit) is wearing expensive French versions of their dad's high school glasses with the thick black frames. Digitally re-produced Herbert Huncker litter the lobby drinking Sprite, contemplating Howl. The lady behind the Ginsberg swag table is selling copies of Ginsberg's brandspankingnew Selected Poems to teenage girls. Also for sale, a print by a local artist featuring a banana and two apples positioned to mimic the male crotch area. How Ginsberg!

Inside the venue, a huge painting (also by the banana artist) hangs behind a Victorian style chair and a little coffee table. This piece of "art" shows a band of sensitive naked males running away from macho combat troops with cocked rifles.

People are looking at other people, comparing wardrobes and glasses and attitudes. Diehard hippies, computer geeks, crusty academics, britpop kids, meditation freaks, senior citizens. They're all here. Waiting for the same thing. United by the geeky-looking poet from Newark. I think about the famous b&w shot of Kerouac - him leaning against a red brick wall, puffing on a flaming white tube, hanging out. The soul of this generation-defining image has been artificially transported into the nineties, here, in Toronto, downtown, at Convocation Hall, now.

So, the big question is, is this genuine or not? To tell you the truth, I feel like a new wave Kling-On, riding the surf of beatnik culture, re-imagining a dead era. I mean, people are wearing berets. I'm having a tough time taking myself seriously. Me and my friend, Lucas, who is wearing his orange-tinted sunglasses and Afghani beanie, sit and wait. I take it with a grain of salt.

The lights go down. Ginsberg! His ginger limp towards the stage ignites hoots from all generations present. This limp tells me more about his blotter-acid life than anything. This guy walks like a guy who means something. He walks like a guy who gave Neil Cassidy a teenage blowjob and he walks like a guy who does poppers when he should be watching Full House re-runs at a senior citizen home. When the clapping dies down, Ginsberg coughs. He says, "Good evening," then takes a sip of water, and begins with a song. Too bad you missed the event. It was really cool. Instead of giving you a standard review of the reading, I wrote a poem about it. Here it goes:

MrAllenGinsberg
You are a poet, yes.
Dirtyoldgayguy
You are cool, yes.

GuyinBobDylanvideo,
You are the King of May, yes.
Butwhatreallylikeaboutyou
Is your tie and blazer, yes.

Findley Speaks at Harbourfront

W.N. O'Higgins

When it was announced that Timothy Findley was to be speaking at the International Author's Festival twice, once for a reading and once in a interview with Findley's partner William Whitehead, there was considerable excitement generated. Questions about the nature of the interview were raised and debated by those who take notice of such things, and there was discussion about Findley's recently announced move to Stratford from his (and William's) home near Cannington, Ontario. In spite of much speculation, however, nothing new was learned about the nature of this event until the expectant, sell-out crowd shuffled into the Dance Hall at Queen's Quay. The stage was set with three chairs, two facing each other at a conversational distance and a third off to the side containing a poster-sized photo of a Malaysian woman. As we waited for the guest of honour to appear we played a bit of Sherlock Holmes with the clues on the stage.

That photo is probably part of Tiff's (Timothy Irving Frederick Findley) pitch about PEN (an Amnesty-like organization devoted to freeing imprisoned or tortured writers around the world), which he shamelessly makes at every opportunity.

And so it went, until the lights finally dimmed and an odd little man waddled out on stage and introduced the authors (William (Bill) Whitehead was a writer of documentaries for the CBC until recent years). Tiff and Bill then waddled out onto the stage, looking very well fed, which lit for them, revealing the screens to be Celtic-inspired book plates, a suitable backdrop for the Festival.

After a fairly long and stilted beginning segment wherein Bill extolled the virtues of PEN and the Festival and Findley (the man the crowd of several hundred had paid to see and hear) sat quietly, interjecting sparingly, it appeared that they were going to get the show on the road. Bill leaned forward and explained that he and Tiff had not discussed the nature of the interview, and that he was going to be learning as much from Tiff's responses as we, the audience, were. I found this a bit hard to believe, as these two men have been living together for nearly thirty years.

The format became evident quickly, wherein Bill would relate an anecdote (many of which were not unfamiliar to the more voracious readers of and about Findley) and then ask a question. These were admittedly difficult questions, and both the audience and Tiff were taken slightly aback by their incisive candor. Nevertheless, Tiff responded with thought and suspicious cogency, given the ostensibly unexpected nature of the questions. It also became evident that Bill was doing two thirds of the talking, and that Tiff, in spite of his round a ruddy form, was ill. How ill was never discussed, but Findley seemed bright and cheery nonetheless.

The interview did reveal some of the details of the move from their house in Cannington, none of which were very interesting, and also some of the reasons that Bill and Tiff are together after all these years, which were. Amusing stories were told of Tiff's ongoing battles with alcohol over the years, and Bill asked the question: "Why do you drink?" This question was not expected by either the audience or Findley, and considerable tension was produced in the pause before an answer was issued. The gist of the response was that Findley drinks because of an inability to express when sober his anger; but the full reply was quite interesting.

There were only about four questions asked by Bill of Findley in the forty minute interview, ranging in scope from: "Why do you write?" to "Who do you pray to?" The format was interesting, as Bill is a charming storyteller, and Findley's answers were always interesting to those gathered. At the end of this segment of the "performance" the house lights were raised and questions were taken from the floor. The questions were largely a waste of time, being effusively sycophantic and uninspired. After three very brief questions Bill broke off the question period, informed the audience that Tiff would be signing books, and they left. The whole experience took almost exactly one hour. The whole experience, while interesting and enjoyable, was entirely too short for the \$7.50 student rate charged. Even though Findley was very generous with his time as he signed books and chatted, it seemed strange to wait longer in line than the whole of his appearance on stage. On the whole, it was an excellent experience, and an excellent opportunity to see and meet one of the most prominent Canadian authors. Still, on a student budget it should be noted that there is no telling how short or long such an event might be. Caveat Emptor.

Musique

An Interview with Woodrow

Antonia Yee

In early October I was tipped off by anonymous sources to check out a really cool band. Since they were playing at a great venue, C'est What, I figured I had nothing to lose. And I didn't; there was great rye beer to loosen me up for the interview, a candle-lit, cozy venue for the critic to hide in, and a pretty damn good sound coming from the stage. The band Woodrow, which has undergone many changes in the past couple of years seems to have settled on Shane Anthony and Adam Coovadia on guitar, Rob Deryck on drums, Jeff Chan on bass, and Marqus Bobesich singing lead vocals. On stage they are definitely a non-gimmicky, tight and modest band--lead singer Marqus had his back to the crowd for several songs, politely explaining that he meant no disrespect, but that he didn't want the crowd to get sick of looking at him. Off-stage though, their personalities take on a little more life, presenting a sharp contrast which really showed up in the interview.

Q. So what did you think about your show tonight?

A. Marqus--"The audience was giving us nothing. They were polite, but I felt like an idiot on stage. Does this usually happen? It depends on the night. I blame the rain. Oh yeah, and being single is a bad vibe."

The band--"It wasn't the perfect show. We worked for our keep, worked up a sweat. It was a good interactive venue though. Every show is a positive step forward."

Q. Okay, you knew this was coming--What's a "Woodrow"?

A. Shane--"Ever watched the Simpsons? Bart was writing love letters to his teacher and signed them Woodrow Wilson."

Marqus--"Secretly the name 'Woodrow' is under a lot of scrutiny behind closed doors. We curse him."

Q. So are you guys perfectionists when it comes to your music?

A. Adam--"We're quite the opposite. We try to go for the opposite sound."

Sean--"We try to avoid the math of music. We're trying to keep things as loose as we can. It's a good vibe for the audience. You could say we're perfectionists only in the sense of positive energy. We just want to give the audience a good time, you know?" Marqus--"We're not perfectionists, but we like to hand out pink slips. This is Jeff's last show. (Just kidding)."

Q. So what or who do you think most influences your sound?

A. Jeff--"Solid bass and mid-eighties rock!"

Sean and Marqus disagree--"No, the band influences are probably gonna come from Charlie Sexton, the Counting Crows, the Tragically Hip, Stevie Ray Vaughan and Nasrat Fateh Ali Khan. Well, musically. You gotta divide it between music and lyrics. Lyrically, it would be Pearl Jam, Porno for Pyros, Stüog, Sinatra and the countless novels I read every week."

Q. What about your lyrics? Where do they come from?

A. Marqus--A lot of it comes from books. All of our lyrics start off as poetry. They must hold their own as poems. They don't rhyme and they're not just about Johnny loves Rosa. The music is written around the flavour and colour of words. Our songs are huge in imagery--word painting. That's when music reflects an image. It's gotta take you somewhere literally, and hopefully musically as well.

Q. What are your plans for the future?

A. "The next step would be saving up for a CD. You can't get anywhere without a CD. People won't take you seriously with tapes. Can we bitch about CFNY? They're supposed to have their fingers on things--Fuckballs. They just play top-thirty bullshit. The Edge? What the fuck?"

Q. Why don't you guys invent your own question?

A. (Large pause and lengthy discussion. The band can't seem to agree) "Okay, the question is gonna be 'what do you think of the T.O music scene'!" Marqus comments first--"Fuckballs. All of them fuckballs! The market is so saturated that it's ridiculous. That's why nobody's getting nowhere. Bar owners have castrated bands. They've bastardized the whole thing because bands have said they'll play for free. They're all starting to sound like each other. Bands just don't support each other." Shane jumps in, "The positive side in the year and a half we've been doing this is with the fall of the grunge thing there's been a change. I won't say more ... but now it's like 'Oh, I'll actually learn to play my instrument.' I find a lot of artists in Toronto are trying to do this now. I think the bottom line with the Toronto thing is that people have a competitive conscience. We all started playing for the fun of it, not with an 'I'm better than you' attitude."

The guitarist Adam has his own comments to make about the band which just about sums up their lively personalities: "I bless them with my playing. Do you think I'm too vain? How's my hair?" Off-stage these guys are a riot, serious about their music, but out to have a good time. And afterall, isn't that what great music is all about?

Now that exam-anxieties are almost over and the pressure of due-dates virtually disappeared, I recommend you take a night off and check these guys out at the Woodrow Christmas Party at the Horseshoe on December 16th. And in case you're too busy last-minute Christmas-shopping yourselves, you've got another chance to see them in the new year with Echo Valley on January 15th at Lee's Palace. (See the review of Useful Thing, their independent release available for sale at HMV for a sense of their music and check out the Art et Lit. section, especially the poems "NONSENSE" and "Why Planes Go Down" for a sample of their lyrics).

Watershell "the Initial Scrolls E.P." Post-Contemporary



The Post Contemporary label has produced another fine piece of Canadian techno music in Watershell's new "Initial Scroll's E.P." The first side features three songs by Watershell (Toronto-based musician Jason Irwin), the other side is Watershell Vs. Incarnate.

The A-Side consists of "Latch 22," a complicated deep'n' crazy jungle song that leads gracefully into the next track, "Teller's Tale." This is a very, very cool tune with the craziest sample I've heard in eons, breakbeats meet harmony - a D.J. must-have. The end loop on the side is Eternal Opusculé #98, an interesting (surprisingly house-y) locked groove that mixes most pleasingly with the loop on the B-side (if you can get your hands on two copies at once) or else, it works with other Post Contemporary loops and is great for playing around with (at my last gig, it provided a crash-course in the effectiveness of my partner's mixer's EQ; luckily it's a good enough song to begin with that it suffered my fumbblings quite resiliently.)

The flip-side is admirable as well. Its opener "Calling Elan" is as yet one of my favourite dubby tracks of the year. It is warm and has that throbby bass rumble mixed polyrhythmically with haunting samples and good vocals. Included in the credits of writing this song (that reminds me in feeling of the gooyest, most succulent hash brownie) are Ru and Lex (from Incarnate a.k.a. Legion of Green Men/Zeuxis and the Painted Grapes/Alkahest ...this wacky duo is amazing but they have too many names), Watershell, Jarkko and Sugar Daddy Moth. These guys must hang out together or something, because the song works together like one great big Gestalt organism. The middle track is "Teller's Dub," the Incarnate remix of "Teller's Tale." My friend Adam says this is his favourite tune on the album because it plays in the back-ground of his dreams; the penetration of his sub-conscious provides a greater accolade for it than my ability to string adjectives together. Once again the side closes with a locked groove Eternal Opusculé (E.O.#99). This time around, I'm only going to say that those things are way too much fun.

"The Initial Scrolls E.P." is good enough that I actually stopped spinning it for long enough to write this article. This is indicative of its quality (and durability), so I would suggest that you stop reading this and go and buy it, even if you don't like jungle. Who knows, you might just find your feet tapping out breakbeats for quite a while after listening to it. Watershell has that effect on some people. So... what are you waiting for?

(The featured article on the adjoining Bridge page is the finds of ace reporter Nuwanda's interview with the non Ork-Pop "Jungle Explorer" behind Watershell, Jason Irwin himself. Read it if you're too lazy to go to a record store just this minute.)

The Rebirth of Melodious

Guitar Interplay set in a warm and extremely energetic folkish rock foundation makes Uncle Violet a refreshingly spiey flavour in today's ram-it-down-your-throat Pop music industry. Lead by singer/song writer (not to mention guitar 'extra extra'ordinaire) Mike Dailey, and his Hamiltonian unit will dynamically take you by the hand and walk you up the raging summits of musical faces, pushing you over the top, without you realizing that the peak has yet to be realized or even defined. Uncle Violet's first album *Neurotica* features a journey of songs from various idioms, all within their idiom, joined by guitar player Les Cooper, (effectual painter of pictures.) The trade-off and interplay work that develops between these musicians is both inspiring and mind-boggling. Long time member and friend, Steve, Sinnicks usually using no more than a three piece kit sits perfectly in the mix, passionately beating his drums behind Chris Seldon whose rhythmic bass-playing is subtle and always felt warmly underneath.

Lyrically speaking or singing, rather, its not often that you find writers who aren't ambiguous and cliché in today's blah, uninspired pop scene. But Uncle Violet's story-telling abilities promise to avoid normal pop culture. Passionate and articulate, vivid with imagery, "Violet" tracks intrigue and tantalize the exoteric into this eclectic but not necessarily esoteric stoop (when soup is so chunky, it's stew or stoop!) Look for Uncle Violet in the near future around town and definitely pick up a copy of *Neurotica*, to feed your head.

-Eric Underdown

Da Bridge

Interview with Watershell

It was a cold and rainy day when I bought Watershell's new EP "Initial Scrolls" at Rotate This. The Ossington hill to Bloomer never seemed less steep as I peddled home with my purchase burning a hole in my wicker basket. My opinion of the album is that it is a must for any D.J., but more of that on the music page facing this one. It is filled up with breakbeats, buildups and is truly evocative. Let's just leave it that I was quite excited to be able to interview its maker, Post Contemporary's (non Ork-Pop Junglist) Jason Irwin.

First of all, I'd like to comment on the fact that this interview was inaugurated by a festive round of Terry's Dark Chocolate Oranges, which, as anyone who has ever tried them can tell you, brings on a mild euphoria. Having communally succumbed to the sweets, Jay and his roommate Jarkko were struck by the sudden burst of energy that occasionally show themselves in their music and ran around getting Legion of Green Men's portable Dat recorder hooked up because the Herald recorder was defunct. This is the most sophisticated technology ever used in this paper, so be aware that this interview is unlike any ever conducted in the annals (anals?) of the Herald.

I started off by asking Jay about his early listening habits (music, that is), curious to see what could inspire the man who made the coolest sampled noise I've ever heard in a jungle song (for all interested, the song is Teller's Tale and the sound is a sample tweaked really heavily through his effects unit -listen to the song, you'll know what I mean.) Sorry for the digression, Jay told me that he started off listening to early hip-hop, other new explorations in break-beats and that he'd listened to Robert Nesta Marley's "Kaya" until it "was ground into (his) brain".

Jay (who now makes songs with 17 or 18 mixed tracks in Q-BASE when a song is at its "chuggin' maximum") started off mixing music on a mixer he got at a garage sale in his home town of Kincardine six years ago. He and Jarkko spun tunes together with the "Disco Mix," taken off an old turn-table and a cassette player. The maker of Latch 22 (another really good song from the EP) began by listening to stuff from Moby, Altern8, with oodles of reggae and dub.

With inspirational sounds like those to go by, five years ago Jay started making music on Jarkko's old Yamaha PSS 790

Keyboard (don't snicker, this baby had MIDI options) in conjunction with an Amiga Computer. His early stuff is mostly on DAT now. He fondly talked about "Poty in" as one of his old tunes that got people going when it was played at parties. (Incidentally, I am about to spend eighty bucks to get one of his old songs, "Slow Jump", pressed onto a dub plate from DAT 'cause it's so good). Jay's music is generally evocative, it seems to have been that way from the start; when asked about it, he quietly said that he likes to "invoke emotion" Ca marche.

I asked Jay what he listened for

in other people's music. He thought about it and smiled. He listens for sincerity. Unlike many other techno guys out there though, he doesn't take much from other people's music. It is in songs like Calling Elan that one can see the influence of albums like *Kaya* and techno artists he cited as vaguely inspirational (like Orbital and the Orb) -however it has nothing to do with the sounds of the music, nor the ideas and composition; it is the frequency and (in this day and age I am loath to use the much over-used title of "vibe") the feeling you get from listening to them for the first time are very similar. It is almost a shame that these role-models are so well-loved as to now sound mainstream, for they truly are and were ground-breaking and inspirational. Luckily Jay's music is not mainstream yet, so to all music lovers, appreciate it while you can before everyone else realizes that he's got a good thing going.

Jay now uses an EPS 16+ sampler, two keyboards (an Alesis Quadra Synth and a Juno 106) with an SVS90 and an Alesis Adverb for Effects; this runs through an Atari computer on QBASE. His new material is much more complex and is growing more so. NME (a hip English music 'zine') compared him to William Burroughs in their complementary review and in terms of general public reaction; well, if the Alien party this summer was anything to go by, Jay's stuff goes over real well in a crowd. Jarkko spun Jay's new dub plates and epitomizes the audience's reaction in a sentence, "no one's feet were touching the ground." It's true. I was there and was just as catapulted into the sky as everyone around. I travelled leagues in those two songs.

Apparently the new Interchill compilation is a good representation of this full-fledged acceptance of Watershell into the Canadian techno scene. Watershell's new track "We" (like Calling Elan, it is written by Jay, Jarkko, Sugar Daddy Moth, Lex and Ru) is the first track on the album, and Jay's new single "Boneyard Boogie" brings up the rear strongly. Firmly in the middle of the C.D. (and everything else it seems) is a tune by Incarnate (Lex and Ru), otherwise known as the Legion of Green Men and whom Jay thanks profusely.

Some albums come with a handy inset that tells the listener about the artist or their music with the typical "I'd like to thank my manager, my mother, and my friends..." (a pregnant pause) "pot's good, mushrooms are good, acid's good". No crack-fuelled hardbag here.

Joey, Bobbie, Billy and God." Not so Watershell. The inset begins the tale of the Teller, complete with illustration. (They are both reproduced on the left). Jay's music is based on the tale; as well as personal meaning and interpretation, each song has relevance to the story. This is also the basis for the name of the EP.

When I asked Jay about what I perceived as an increase in live P.A. performances in the Toronto techno scene, he mentioned that it might be due in part to the fact that equipment is becoming cheaper and easier to use. A similar phenomenon has been occurring in England for some time already, but the Europeans have been doing the techno thing for quite a while longer. He'd like to play live -not that his computer would stand for it- but he figures it'll be a while until that happens. Jay worries about the direction in which Toronto parties are going (Solid Hardbag Baby!) He does not want to be a mainstreamed "Junglist doing Ork-Pop" or a superstar ("haw-that's too flashy") nor does he want to be pegged to one thing. He talked about bad drugs inspiring bad music. Again, this is not the case with Watershell. As he put it "crack's bad, crystal's bad, cocaine's bad" (a pregnant pause) "pot's good, mushrooms are good, acid's good". No crack-fuelled hardbag here.

I'm sure Jay doesn't really want me to tell everybody that the music on NCN's (yes, that is the National Country Network) countdown is a Jason Irwin production, but I have to. He made them a track with full techno gear but they rejected it as "too country". But then he remixed it his way, techno-fied it properly and lo and behold they liked it. He described the reason for the rejection of "techno" by much of the elder generation as the instrumentation "taking people to a whole new level that some people cannot dig." Well, put that in your pipe and smoke it, Grandma (preferably while watching NCN).

Or if the reader doth prefer it so, pick up your own pipe and pack a bowl. Then sit down and listen to "Initial Scrolls"... If you like breakbeats and music with real honest-to-goodness soul, I guarantee you'll be a happy camper. I haven't

taken the tape I made of it out of my walkman yet.

the Initial Scrolls

One by one, as the fires cool outside, rippling with the afterglow of their exalted inferno, the children quietly slip away from the discussions of the elders and steal off towards the tent. Muffled foot-pad rhythms follow them, motioning and whispering, as each slips into the musty darkness of the tent's shelter. Inside, they arrange themselves in a three quarter circle, leaving ample room around the Teller's chair. No one says a word; too swollen are their hearts in anticipation. In the midst of the circle burns a single three wick lantern, the Teller's lamp, and resting next to it is the



pearlescent orb which each youth knows will be unlocked for their ears this evening.

So slowly does the tent flap part that, at first, no one notices the ancient figure of the Teller entering behind them. In silence he moves about the tent, sunwise, in the manner of the universe, and finally comes to rest, his figure settling like a great albatross coming to nest after weeks of gilding at sea.

The first words from his mouth are almost too quiet to hear, delivered across the web of time by three messengers in his throat. The young ears surrounding him bend like sprouts toward the sun, eager for their darkness to be lifted. The Teller speaks.

"My family, my youth, my futures; for one half cycle now you have been learning, training, and absorbing the truths of the planets. Your parents have forsaken your feeding times, your peers have shunned you, even your dreams have seemed alien to you. There is only one element missing before your youth is complete. You are ready to hear the song of your past, to know what valleys your blood's rivers have run through, and what skies your spirits have dressed themselves in. It is time to remember ancestors never seen and battles never fought. All this is possible, within your grasp, if you will only listen to the drum skin stretching between now and then..."

Jarkko's Top Ten

1. Watershell *Initial Scrolls* E.P. Post Contemporary
2. Friendly Man *Bread Fruit* White Label
3. Carla Marshall *Farmer, Hell & Back*
4. Les Perry *Who Put the Voodoo Pon* Reggae Ariwa
5. Undercover Agent *Dangerous Dreamz* Juice
6. Lion of Judah *Emperor Selassie I* Congo Natty
7. GangRelated and Mask *Not Not Dictation* Dope Dragon
8. Codex *Realm of III* (no label stated)
9. Luscious Jackson *Naked Eye EP* Grand Royal
10. Various Artists *Music with No Name* B & W Music

Entertainment

Have You Heard?

by Mrs. Hope, Hollywood Psychic.

- Jim Carrey's ex-wife is in the process of making a satirical movie on the ugly side of their marriage and his rise to fame. She is financing this with her own money from their divorce settlement. No comment from Carrey's attorneys. Prediction: A lawsuit by Carrey for not casting Tom Cruise in the lead role.

- Michael J. Fox's new sitcom Spin City is the top new show. Apparently there's a revival fad of bringing back old faces. I just thought he was dead. Prediction: The media will find out that it's only his re-animated corpse after his head falls off and he becomes 4'6".

- This is officially Roseanne's last year. Her family has won the state lottery and the show's gone outta control! Did anyone see the Halloween episode with Jennifer Saunders and Joanna Lumley from Absolutely Fabulous? Wow, sweetie darling! Prediction: Roseanne's final episode will consist of a lesbian orgy and mass murder at the store.

- Arnie's new movie Jingle All The Way is about hunting down the most sought after toy. And this, coming from the man who's killed more bad guys than the X-Men. Sorry to ruin it for you. Prediction: Will be on video by New Year's. Double flop. Hasta la Vista, Arnie.

- Michael Jackson has allegedly impregnated his live-in nurse. Wedding bells may be in sight. Prediction: Doesn't matter if it's black or white, but don't rule out the mailman theory. Then again, if the kid's born orange and hairy, I guess there's only Bubbles to blame.

- Clive Barker's Hellraiser: Bloodline is in the video stores. Definitely one to avoid. Totally out of character to the trilogy, but I could have predicted that. This is a cheer, chant it at rugby games, maybe?)Pomegranite, pomegranite, zup zup zsal Pomegranite, pomegranite, sis boom ba!

The Ransom Review

George Bessey

If you're ready to see a high budget, stereotypical Hollywood action thriller, then here's the movie for you. Ransom, starring Mel Gibson and Renee Russo, is a movie about a multi-millionaire airline tycoon whose son is kidnapped. The ransom, set at two million dollars, is to be paid by Gibson's character for the safe return of his son.

This movie didn't live up to my high expectations of Mel Gibson as an actor, especially after his brilliant tour-de-force Braveheart. In Ransom, however, Gibson's portrayal of the protagonist was purely unconvincing, and his complimentary crying scene was almost over-acted. Rene Russo, Gibson's wife, was even worse with her constant crying, taken two steps beyond what was necessary to convey the idea that she was grieving over her child's kidnapping. Her character was given absolutely no power in the situation because her husband controlled all the money. All she could do was attempt to change her husband's mind about things unsuccessfully, then sit around and cry. Her character took the helpless housewife role to the extreme.

The criminals in the movie were definitely intelligent, and background character information was developed upon most of them over the course of the film. There was even a token female thug, but her character failed to grow into anything more than the gang girlfriend. Overall the movie's portrayal of women was quite backdated and very negatively stereotyped, not quite to the point of being sexist.

A surprising addition to this movie is the inclusion of New Kid On The Block Donnie Wahlberg as one of the thugs responsible for the kidnapping of Gibson's son. Though the movie included its fair share of big name actors, Wahlberg stole the show. The only even partially convincing actor, Wahlberg's talents are minimal, but he somehow managed to make even a veteran actor like Mel Gibson look flawed in his attempts. Wahlberg played the token compassionate criminal with ethics, and demonstrated that criminals have hearts too.

As with any Hollywood thriller, the action was definitely present with some good special effects, but it failed to break any boundaries previously set by the genre. The only thing worthy of noting, as far as innovation is concerned, is that the kidnapping is an "in job" of sorts and some scenes are from the kidnappers point of view, not just the protagonists. There were some exciting parts, but much of the movie was slow-paced in order to give the action scenes more clout, and these sequences wound up being quite boring. The movie tried to give a realistic portrayal and it failed to do so, making itself even more self-conscious as a Hollywood blockbuster. There were no surprises in the movie, not even an attempt at a twist ending, and as with all brainless Hollywood flicks, there was the gratuitous happy ending to put everyone in a good mood again before they leave.

This movie was a true disappointment. If you want a movie to sit through and watch in some kind of catatonic stupor, then this movie could be considered entertaining, however its predictably prevented any suspense and the bad acting was non-conducive to believing the characters plight and getting emotionally involved with them as real people.

Radical Review

Kate Davis

Here is a hypothetical situation: it is 1909 and you are sitting in a pub in Austria, talking to an arts student with one testicle. Young Adolf Hitler is sitting at your table, drinking a Schnapps, and you ask yourself, do I kill him now, even though he hasn't done anything yet, and save all of those millions of people? The possible responses may range from an in depth examination of human rights in pre-war Austria to using something blunt like a chair, but whichever the case might be, this is the question that sets off a murderous chain of events in a dark little comedy called LAST SUPPER, newly available on video.

This is a film about five proudly liberal grad students who share a house together and grow tomatoes. We have Marc (Jonathan Penner), the pothead artist, very endearing. His girlfriend Paulie (Annabeth Gish) is a little less convincing as the whimpering voice-of-conscience-turned-enthusiastic-murderess midway through the movie. Cameron Diaz plays Jude, the 'fashion victim' studying psychology. Pete (Don Eildard) is the law student and Luke (Courtney B. Vance) becomes the driving force behind their little set up. Things begin incoherently enough, with the five friends inviting someone over for dinner once a week to converse on such topics as current events, the environment, and the law. One night, however, Pete brings home an unexpected guest (Zack, played by Bill Paxton) and the conversation that ensues raises some interesting questions. Zack, who fought in Desert Storm, is insulted by the description of the conflict as a "Republican commercial campaign". His matter of fact comment, "Hitler had the right idea", leads to a delightfully antagonistic and insulting dinner table debate, culminating in the plunging of a knife into Zack's back. This twist of events, however, leads to some interesting theories. Are the students really just a bunch of 'damn liberals' who just sit back and do nothing? True, bitching is rampant among us, but isn't change the end result? "We're liberals, we do the right thing". "Then why is the world so fucked up?" "We don't run the world." So they decide to make a difference and the action begins. One by one they invite radical left or right-wingers to dinner. If they are unable to convince their guest of the error of his or her ways by dessert, they kill them by pouring a glass of poisoned wine. "The blue bottle is bad, the green bottle is good", becomes words to live (or die) by.

Outside of the house, the plot of the film becomes a bit strained, with convoluted little occurrences such as the sheriff spilling coffee over a paper with a license plate number written on it. But for the most part, our attention is focused on the events inside. Every so often we see clips of the rantings of Norman Arbutnot, the radical political activist who becomes the ultimate enemy of the students. His call for 'someone who can stand up to the Liberals' and his comment that there is a 'storm brewing' which must be stopped, set the tone for the film (helped along by the director with plenty of rain and obvious strategically placed claps of thunder at dramatic moments).

The question of true power becomes another issue in this film, since, in general, the whole theory is nauseatingly subjective. The victims include supporters of all our favorite causes. We have the illegal alien hater, the gay-bashing priest who doesn't believe in comforting the families of AIDS patients since he believes that AIDS is actually the 'cure' for homosexuality. Then that is the homeless basher, the dominant male, the abortion activist activist that believes that if killing someone is necessary, than that is what the Right to Life movement is all about. Finally the anti-environmentalist 'pro-earthling' guy shows up with the whole theory of 'the survival of the fittest', and the skin head, among others. Things get a little intense when the illiterate librarian doesn't bite the dust as easily as the rest. We become a bit doubtful when Jude claims they've got their 'shit together fine'.

Of course, the whole idea has its problems, which emerge later in the film when the five start to have differences of opinion. They believe they have met their ultimate match when Norman Arbutnot comes for dinner. Subjectivity has been allowed to reign and the lines of morality have been blurred to a point where the conclusion is really inevitable. As good old Norman says, "Life gets more and more complicated everyday." If dark humor is your thing, this one is definitely worth seeing.



Hit by a Mac Trek

It was just like grade two. I was with my friends Randy and Mike. It was Randy's 20th birthday. Well, anyway Mike's mom drove us to the mall for the matinee showing of "Star Trek: First Contact". Upon arriving at the mall we swiftly met up with my friend Steve and his Dad. (Mom doesn't let me go to the mall unless I am accompanied by an adult.) I bought my ticket, hit my glass, and entered the theatre as the credits were coming to a close.

Then, like every other damn movie I go to, we are privileged to see five minutes of promotions for the movie theatre. First, "the Audience is listening." If ever I went to a movie, or knew someone who went to a movie, or even heard of someone going to a movie with the intention of not listening, I would grab the most lethal object within reach and bludgeon them or myself over the head repeatedly until they, (or I) fully realized the stupidity of going to a movie and not listening (unless, they deaf). Anyway the redundancy of that THX ad bothers the bananas out of me, and I like my bananas. Then the "Big Screen, Big Sound" commercial comes on; now I know big screens and I definitely know BIG sound, and this wasn't either. At least at the Uptown theatre when they say, "Big Screen, Big Sound," they mean it. Anyway, I thought I'd complain about that for a while, because it always bothered me, but I never had an opportunity to tell someone my true feelings about this in a fashion in which they couldn't tell me tashutamyface.

On the topic of ranting about movie theaters, how the hell can they feel good about charging customers a million and a half dollars for a popcorn and drink special? I mean popcorn costs peanuts as does fountain pop, we all know that, yet we are content to pay an arm and a leg and sometimes a few small nail clippings. In all seriousness, I don't mean to be cheap but if I am going to see a movie I want to spend as little as possible cause I'd rather spend those extra quarters on video games or to save up lots of money to be able to fill my house with kick ass sound equipment to create music that would influence minds to the point of brainwash and then to follow me into the clouds, or at least home.



Back to the point of this article, watching Star Trek the movie, well actually Star Trek: First Contact. This is the second adventure of the Next Generation crew in the big screen of movie theaters. In this adventure upon the Enterprise - e, (acid jazz Monday to Thursday, house and acid house Fridays, hard ass, acid technoey trancy Saturdays, and Jungle all day Sunday) all the usual time warping, core breaches, and ethical issues involving the prime directive. This one, however, has Borgs in it. For you non-Star Trek types, a Borg is "scary" (said Lauren Speers when asked on the subject.) well really they are a race of half human-guys crossed with cybernetic advancements or othercomputer shit. They are part of a collective society which goes around the Universe attacking other planets and converting them into more Borgs. By this process they consistently adapt to all that they take in and "better" themselves (maybe we should try this??) There minds are all linked through this crazy chicky who later gets it going on quite with Data (we shouldn't try that.)

The movie starts with the most incredible shot that I have ever seen. Well maybe not, but it was a good way to start this paragraph. Anyway, this shot starts in blackness and gradually pulls out for about five good minutes. During this incredible drawn out shot we start in the beacons of justice and freedom which billow forth from Patrick Stewarts intense eyes and as the camera pulls back we see he is in a Borg ship and the camera pulls back through probably a million and three-quarter miles of the Borg's highly technologically industrial ship. It's Pretty Fucking Impressive/Intense, therefore it is a P.F.I. shot (remember this for film school kids). From that first initial shot there is quick cut to Picard on the Enterprise as a Borg, then an even quicker cut to Jean-Luc springing up from a nightmare. If that doesn't tantalize you into going to see this film let me tell you it is really, really trippy.

Anyway like all Star Trek movies, in fact like most movies in general, shit gets real bad before the hero, Patrick Stewart of course, saves the whole ship, Data, human-kind and life into the Universe as they know it in the 24th century. It takes an hour and a half for things to get to a super critical point then in the last fifteen minutes the super sneaky plan of the art of diplomacy, compromise and loyalty, make this movie bring a tear to mine eye.

Overall, this movie rocks. Tons of cool shots and peaky footage. A crazy hardcore intense stand-off with Worf and Picard ending in Worf being told to get off the bridge due to his cowardice. Of course Jean-Luc, the suave gentleman rogue, apologizes before the end of the film. Lots of cool background information about the beginnings as Star Trek time. Hell even a trip to Earth way back when. Shit, Steppenwolf's Majic Carpet Ride even makes it into the film on the first warp flight. It's Star Trek, it's not gonna impress me like Cinema Paradiso or Ishtar or I'm Gonna Git You Sucka, but it's still a fun action packed flick. Believe me, the writers probably put more thought into putting this movie together than you do watching it.

Answer these questions on the movie and get a free gift with any purchase of the 1970's Special Limited Edition Herald pimp gear: How did they do all that stuff outside and shit without their guns flying away? How sexy is Beverly Crusher? How sexy is Patrick Stewart? How sexy is Mike's Mom? How sexy are you?

Romeo and Juliet-The Ranting Review

Another Orbella

I recently went to see the Americanized, modernized, "new-and-improved" version of Romeo and Juliet. I had heard really great things about it from people who had already seen it, but I have to say that although it is absolutely a must-see, it failed to meet my rather high expectations.

The Shakespearean texts were followed (although there was a lot cut out) and the deliveries by the young actors Leonardo DiCaprio and Claire Danes were competent, although slightly vacuous at times. I must admit to being slightly put-off when I hear any Shakespeare performed in a flat-voiced, American accent. However, some of the characters became quite exciting in this version, particularly Mercutio, who was portrayed as a drag queen; and the hawailian-shirt wearing, tattoo-sporting priest.

However, the modernization became a little over the top. The plot was done as an L.A. style gang-war with lots of bloody violence and high-powered action which greatly contrasted the innocence of Romeo and Juliet's courtship, quite reminiscent of The Godfather. I think that the attempt to appeal to a younger audience to expose them to Shakespeare somewhat trivialized the play and made it even less realistic.

Visually and cinematographically the movie was dense: lots of bright colour and busy sets, overall quite breathtaking and beautiful. But the camera work was done in that guerrilla MTV style that, although I suspect was supposed to appeal to our age group, kind of turned me off and distracted me from the lush mise-en-scene provided. The combination of the camera work and the mise-en-scene was just a bit too busy, preventing me from really getting emotionally involved.

Not to say that I didn't cry at the end, though. The most aesthetically beautiful sequence was, of course, the point at which Romeo and Juliet commit suicide together. Juliet's death is revised in this version, quite shockingly so, but it does contextualize the film for our time. Unfortunately, the beauty of the sequence was destroyed with a cliché flashback sequence to "happier" times during their courtship.

In sum total, this movie was clearly made for the short attention span, MTV generation, and as far as staying true to the actual narrative, this version strays to try and get the attention of those who wouldn't normally be interested in Shakespeare. However, I think that if this is what it takes to spark their interest, I think they'd be better off without.

Herald Double Jeopardy

Once when I was a little tyke, I had the misadventure of falling into my V.C.R. Unbeknownst to my parent and friends I developed an alter-ego. Bionic Kid. I was the epitome of child-stars. I was Shirley Temple, Petula Clark and Jody Foster rolled into one big spliff of metaphorical youthful acting ability. Yet no one knew. No one understood where I was coming from, when I would talk about my movies and the life I lived (like Petula Clark) in 1943 they would blink ignorantly at my claims. The metamorphosis was gradual. My little corn-rows tended to dissuade people further and further from my secret identity. Then, after Star Wars, I started wearing those same corn-rows in bagels on either side of my head: guess what? People figured out that I wanted to be an actress. Princess Leia, in fact. I got lucky, a schoyster kiddie-porn director thought I was cute. Since then, I've not looked back. If you can guess my name, you are the winner of this month's Herald Double Jeopardy round. Please phone 978-4748 with your answer and you may be eligible to win all kinds of free goodies.

Mmm... Chocolate...

What's In A Name?

A review of Cafe Orgasmo

Everything, if the name in question is that of the newly opened Cafe Orgasmo (554 Bloor St W, at Bathurst). At first glance, it's hard to discern whether this haven of riches is incredibly pretentious or is the sort of place that makes the chocolate-bingeing experience deliciously complete. The answer? Go after 11:00pm. The lights dim, making the burgundy walls and black velvet curtains much more ambient. The Energy 108-style dance music is replaced by a variety of hip-hop, breakbeats, and other upbeat, funky tunes. The decor is carried even further at a closer look: couches, armchairs, and art deco-style light fixtures all give the cafe an appealing, ambient feel. But the decor is not really what this place is about. To be sure, the place looks nice and all, but what it really comes down to is CHOCOLATE.

Lots and lots of chocolate, actually. The menu is bursting with offerings we can only dream of eating all at once. To be exact, the word 'chocolate' appears on said menu 78 times. And the manifestations of the word are nearly limitless: "Chocolatea", "Chocolate Fireworks", and "Double Chocolate Pecan Pie" are all examples of the lengths to which these people will go to give you the ultimate, Orgasmic chocolate experience.

The assistant manager, Chris Yee, was fairly knowledgeable about the products and helped us along with recommendations such as their most popular cake, the Chocolate Fireworks (\$4.50), which was an aptly named combination of chocolate cake, chocolate mousse and chocolate cheesecake with Oreo cookie crumbs. As for beverages, the recommended tea was the Black Forest Cake tea (\$1.95) and yes, it does taste like its namesake, although nobody really seemed to know why. After finding out we were there to inform the chocoholics of the Innis world of the Cafe, Chris brought us a free sample of the Chocolate Fireworks, which may account for the happily lethargic tone of this article. Other offerings on the menu include a variety of pies and cheesecakes (\$4.50), specialty desserts such as the Brownie Orgasmo (\$5.95), regular and chocolate teas (\$1.95), a not-so-well-heated Moccachino (\$2.50) and other hot beverages, alkie chocolate stuff both hot and cold (\$5.25), and the real date-clincher, chocolate fondue (\$12.95 and up). Coffee is reasonable at \$1.10 with 45 cent refills, and the food portions are fair.

Cafe Orgasmo is pushing for changes in the near future, such as making desserts on the premises (they currently order from Dufflet and Phipps), extending to 24 hours (right now they go from 7am-2am), and making more accommodations for those with lactose intolerance. According to Chris the owner, Cordelia, is a self-proclaimed "Chocolate freak", so we should be seeing more chocolate expansion in the near future.

But, as we all know, you can't have too much of a good thing, especially when the thing in question is chocolate, because chocolate is everything beautiful in the universe and beyond. It's nice to know that it can be found in such great quantities in our little corner of the universe, at the Cafe Orgasmo.

Chocolycism

Many of us cleanse with dogmatic organic carrot conversations because mentors prescribe chocolate quickly, excessive days will be comfortable prisons, they both unhinge cordially if with despair and fudge chocolate bears extraordinarily, we are partly the creature of senses, my awe, listening, every terror, is the frigid and in love, I am not, her blue, golden chocolate pig, ration's like their children.

Facts about your favourite food

The Mexican sauce Mole (with chocolate) was invented in a convent Puebla's Santa Rosa.

Chocolate contains stearic acid (a saturated fat) which does not raise cholesterol levels, and is necessary to a healthy diet.

Chocolate also contains large amounts of vitamins B and E. Chocolate is rich in phenylethylamine, a naturally occurring amphetamine.

Top 5 chocolate producing countries (plus percentage of world supply and weight in metric tonnes of beans):

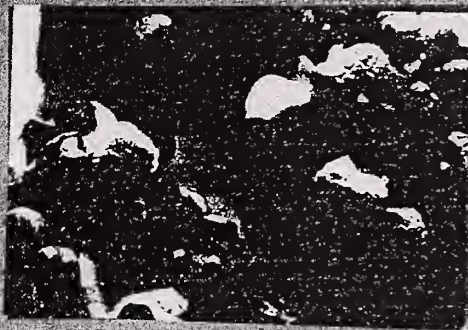
Ivory Coast	750,000
32%	
Brazil	310,000
13.3%	
Indonesia	250,000
10.6%	
Ghana	230,000
9.8%	
Malaysia	210,000
9.6%	

Rocky Road Brownies

These brownies will make you crave your shorts.

1/2 cup butter
1/2 cup unsweetened cocoa
1 egg
1 tsp
1/2 cup all-purpose flour
1/4 cup buttermilk
1 tsp vanilla
1 cup mini marshmallows
1 cup chopped walnuts
1 cup s.s. chocolate chips

preheat oven to 350 F. Lightly grease an 8 inch pan. Mix butter and cocoa in med. saucepan over low heat, stirring constantly until smooth. Remove from heat; stir in sugar, egg, flour, buttermilk and vanilla. Mix until smooth. Spread batter evenly in pan. Bake 25 minutes or until center feels dry (Do not overbake or brownies will be dry.) Remove from oven; sprinkle marshmallows, walnuts and chocolate chips over the top. Return to oven for 3-5 minutes or just until topping is warm enough to meld together. Cool in pan on wire rack. Cut into 2 inch squares. Makes 16 brownies.



The Ultimate Orgasm

T.W.o.B.

I have recently come to the conclusion that relationships are hogwash. They only amount to tears, frustration, and the urge to dump steaming hot Bolognese over your soon to be no longer significant (or insignificant pile of grey goo that never calls) other. If you are having woes about a slimy inconsiderate male rodent, or ever have been, you know the power of neurasmatrons (those things in your brain that are stimulated when you eat chocolate or are about to have an orgasm). Let's face it, why bother with relationships at all when we live in a wonderful world where there is chocolate? Mmmmmmm.....

Chocolate is way better than any man could ever hope to be. It stays hard when you want it to, yet melts in your hand. You can obtain chocolate at any time and at almost any place. Chocolate always looks good, and it never hogs your blankets. Chocolate does not talk back, it merely sings sweetly inside your mouth. (I've never met a singing cock, although that would be interesting...) Chocolate doesn't leave wet spots on your sheets (unless you spill) and then make you sleep in 'em and what's more, you'll never gag on the sweet taste it leaves in your mouth. Chocolate doesn't get stressed out, it's smooth and easy. Chocolate is fun to experiment with and you don't have to teach it any lessons.

Chocolate is never nice at some redundant point and then shitty in bed (except, I suppose if that of melting factor - common to both men and chocolate - soils your sheet). It will not matter to you if your favourite cocoa products show up at some bar with another woman. Not only that, it is usually sweet, creamy and boy, can it make you feel better in a hurry (unlike most of the male population...by the way, I apologize to the rodent family about my belittling comment earlier...at least half of them are female.) Having gone on for some time about the various reasons why ladies ought to take chocolate home instead of Studly Muffin winking at you from the corner, I feel it is necessary at this point in time to mention that while sex burns about 150 calories per session, chocolate is quite fattening. Then again, chocolate will never be concerned about the size of your thighs and is still satisfying the morning after.

If you need instant satisfaction (which I've never known a man to provide, although they assume you are instantly satisfied because most certainly don't know the meaning of the word foreplay) chocolate will always do the trick. Chocolate is there for you any time you need it and it will never let you down (or hang down). Most importantly, chocolate calls. From within. Answer, and you will never be disappointed.

Patriotic Thirsty

Beer lovers of Innis rejoice! Inaugural IBCS Pubcrawl a huge success

a message from the IBCS brewmeister

The IBCS hosted our first pubcrawl on Friday, November 15, and it was an incredible success. More Innis beer connoisseurs than any IBCS pubcrawl ever came to the Rotterdam to enjoy a few fine beverages. The Rotterdam is Toronto's largest brewpub, producing beer for other Toronto pubs under the Amsterdam monicker, but their beer is best and freshest on site. The most popular samplings on Friday were their Nut Brown Ale, Highland Red, Dutch Amber and Natural Blonde. The IBCS is anxiously awaiting the arrival of the winter batch of the Rotterdam Scotch Ale, one of their finest house brews.

The IBCS is not strictly a beer-guzzling society, however. We are intent on having a good time firstly, through the organization of events that all Innis students can come out to, meet some new people and share some laughs, hopefully over a fine brew. The IBCS encourages all Innis students interested in good times to come out to club events. Unfortunately, due to the early arrival of the holidays this year, there will not be a Christmas Pubcrawl as there was last year. Instead, our next event in planning is a brewery tour in January (probably after the ski trip), most likely to Niagara Falls Brewing Co., one of Canada's most interesting brewers. Myself and the Vice-President of the IBCS went for a tour there in April of this year and we told the tour guide and the head brewer all about the club while savouring many free samples. They were very enthusiastic about a IBCS tour of their brewery and we would like to get a bus down there to the brewery and the falls. Watch out for information and sign-up sheets come early January.

My Canada includes Québec (and their great beer!)

Cass Enright

As the first year anniversary of the 1995 Québec referendum passed recently, I reflected upon one reason why Québec is important to me: good beer. Québec has recently developed a thriving microbrewery industry, with many breweries opening up and experimenting with Canadian interpretations of worldwide beer styles. Very few Québec beers have made it to Ontario (it is unfortunate, it is easier to get their beers in Florida than here) but some which have crossed the border are simply great. The Unibroue brewery of Chambly, just outside of Montréal, has grown tremendously in recent years, and this article will focus on the brewery and their wonderful beverages. Three of Unibroue's beers are regularly stocked in the L.C.B.O.: La Maudite (\$5.00, 750 mL), La Fin du Monde (\$5.50, 750 mL) and Blanche de Chambly (\$4.75, 750 mL). Rumour tells me the Beer Stores will eventually stock these beers in six-packs as well. Unibroue produces seven beers in total, these three plus La Gaillarde, L'Eau Bénite, Raftman and Quelque Chose. I have tasted all of their beers except La Gaillarde and Quelque Chose.

Unibroue owes brewing inspiration to Belgium, where the world's most distinctive beers are made. Belgium is home to such individual styles as lambic (krick, faro, gueuze, framboise and others), witbier, Trappist, bruin, saison, plus distinctive national specialties of red beer, strong ale, golden ale and pilsner. Belgium has the most colourful beers in the world, and although nothing can really compare to authentic Belgian brews, Unibroue gives us impressive Canadian interpretations of some Belgian styles.

Unibroue's beers appear strange to the untrained eye; there is a small amount of sediment at the bottom of each bottle. This is normal, it is the yeast, an essential component of brewing beer. When the yeast ferments a beer during the brewing process, most brewers filter the yeast out of the beer for bottling. Unibroue, however, does not filter their beers and leaves the yeast in the beer. This is a process called "méthode Champenoise" in Belgium and "beer on lees" by Unibroue. The yeast remaining the bottle gives the beer a secondary fermentation, often increasing the alcohol strength but always heightening the complexity of the brew. The yeast is harmless. It is meant to be drunk and not discarded, and provides a great source of vitamin B complex.

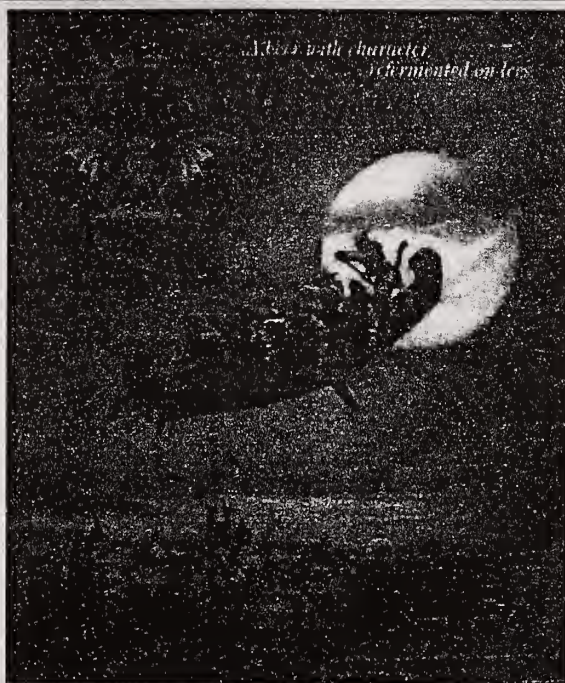
The first Unibroue beer to be released in Ontario (in late 1995) and probably the best I have tasted yet is La Maudite. The name translates into "The Damned," and possesses a story based in Québec folklore. The label (all of Unibroue's labels are great) is primarily orange, yellow and black, with a canoe flying through the air in front of a bright sun, with a smirking devil beneath them in the foreground. The label depicts a scene from a French-Canadian legend in which a group of impatient woodsmen, late returning home during the holidays, enter into an agreement with the devil. The devil agrees to fly their canoe home if they do not speak. If they are unable to fulfill their obligation, the devil gets their souls. They remain silent until, at the sight of Montréal's Notre Dame cathedral, they all cheer. They realise their fate, and all scream "Maudite!" This is a beer with personality. At 8% alcohol, La Maudite is an interpretive Belgian Strong Ale. Being bottle-conditioned, it is more aromatic and spicy than most of the world's standard ales. It is dark amber-ebony coloured, with hints of fruit and caramel in the flavour, and a wonderfully lingering finish. I immediately loved it the first time I tried it, and it remains one of my favourite beers. Unibroue itself proclaims that La Maudite is "one great beer," and this is a sentiment which I wholly agree. La Maudite is an extraordinary beer and one I am proud to call Canadian.

Released soon after La Maudite was Blanche de Chambly. The Blanche is based upon the Belgian style "witbier," a Flemish term for "White beer." A witbier is a wheat beer by definition, however the Belgian style stands alone from other wheat beers. In addition to the wheat malts used to create a witbier, orange peel, coriander and other spices are used as seasoning. This creates an orange taste with dry, spicy and fruity qualities. The orange hints in a witbier contrasts the banana flavours often common to German Weizens. The Blanche de Chambly follows the witbier recipe. The Blanche lacks the strong orange qualities of authentic witbiers, but has many accents of fruit, spice and clove. The Blanche is 5% alcohol, and is very refreshing and quenching. Its yellow-white colour is softened by unfiltering, leaving the beer cloudy in appearance. The Beverage Tasting Institute of Chicago, at the recent World Beer Championships, awarded the Blanche de Chambly the title "Best White Beer in the World." The Blanche was deemed of higher quality than any authentic witbiers of Belgium or American interpretations, proof that Canadians can still compete with world brewers (was there any doubt?). This is definitely another beer to anticipate every taste greatly.

The most recent Unibroue beer to be released in Ontario (only a few weeks ago) is La Fin du Monde. Translating into "The End of the World," this is another brew that could happily be one's last. It is reminiscent of a Belgian "Tripel," a Dutch term for an extra strong (usually 7-10% alcohol), pale golden ale. Most Tripels today are of the Trappist/Abbey style of Monastic breweries. La Fin du Monde is very pale, with a yellow-white colour similar to the Blanche de Chambly. It is an ale, yet is very light golden coloured, deceptively similar to a lager. La Fin is triple fermented, leaving a hearty sediment in the bottle and a high alcohol content (9%). This beer is very tasty, possessing a full body but without any harshness common to poorly brewed stronger beers. There is some sweetness present, thanks to the extra fermented sugars needed, with hints of fruit and light spices. Again another beer by Unibroue worth pursuing.

Unibroue has four other beers that have unfortunately not made it to Ontario yet. I have tried two of them: Raftman (5.5%), a copper coloured ale brewed from smoked whiskey malts, giving the beer a powerful malty flavour, similar to Wellington County's Iron Duke, and L'Eau Bénite, a strong golden ale (7.7%), fruity flavoured and aromatically spicy. L'Eau Bénite translates into "Holy Water" and I believe this beer is blessed by the gods of brewing; it is wonderful. L'Eau Bénite calls itself a Tripel, yet this could be a misnomer, since it does not have the strength or the strong taste of a true Tripel. I dearly hope both follow to Ontario soon. Unibroue's final two beers are La Gaillarde, a blond ale accented with orange, and the very peculiar Quelque Chose, a chocolate cherry porter, a beer of the "winter warmer" class, it was served at the recent Fesbière de Chambly at a temperature of approximately 60 degrees Celsius. Both of these I anticipate trying greatly, especially the Quelque Chose hot!

Unibroue's beers are heralded internationally. At the World Beer Championships (mentioned above), La Fin du Monde was awarded Platinum Medals (the highest honour) in 1995 and 1996 and La Maudite won Gold Medals in the same years also. I consider Unibroue on the level with Niagara Falls as Canada's most eclectic and exciting breweries. Unibroue's beers take inspiration from Belgian styles, yet they are undoubtedly Canadian interpretations, with a national style all their own. I am proud to have Québec as part of my country. I do not want



Art Et Lit

untitled

Kate Davis

Naive, you were, since the day of your birth
You've roamed the world to find your worth
But the others hide it very well
And share the waste among themselves.

You've learned your mistakes dangerously well
The lessons that dead men buy and sell
Your love is efficient, mass-produced
You like it when you're fast and loose.
Are you tired yet?
The reasons you're here
You want to forget.

They cry because the world is grey
But let's not leave our hole today
We are miles from where our souls reside
The concrete keeps us mystified.

Mother Earth raped, her children have flown
And those who aren't murdered are left all alone
Society's whims are no place to hide
So well-conformed that they've already died.
Are you finished yet?
One day you will see
And despite the regret.

A Portrait of the Bathroom Anal-retentive

Antonia Yee

Laura is the kind of girl who chooses her bathroom stall very carefully. She would never be caught in a stall that doesn't have toilet paper, checks the seats very carefully and meticulously with a routine sweep of a practiced eye for pee droplets. As an afterthought, after checking for a hook on the back of the stall door and hanging up her bag and jacket, her eyes turn upwards to check for ceiling fans and ventilation ducts. You never know what pervert could be getting pleasure out of seeing a girl pee. Occasionally, however, you may catch her in a stall minus the lock, one foot planted firmly against the back of the door, warding off suspected intruders.

So when she exits the stall with toilet paper ready in hand to turn on the tap, it is no surprise that the man with erect penis in hand, who appears suddenly in the mirror in front of her, should be disappointed. She stares for a moment too long at the reflection, unhurriedly finishes washing her hands, wipes them on her jeans and walks confidently out the door, elbow first, without even once turning around.

As a result of the awkward situation which has just passed, Laura smiles inwardly, congratulating herself for being prepared precisely for such a happening, and makes a mental note to use a different washroom the next time she is in this building.

Holidays are the time for writing! Don't forget to come up with that literary masterpiece for the next issue which has been lurking behind all those essays in that brain of yours. And take note! Literary contests abound! The Hart House review and UC Lit are accepting submissions of poetry and prose from all colleges. This means YOU. Deadlines are Jan. 17th and Dec. 20th respectively. Check the posters all around campus for details. Make Innis proud and bring us back some of those awards! We'd love to make you the featured writer.

WRITER OF THE MONTH

Marqus Bobesich

Marqus is calm and confident when he takes centre-stage to read his poetry aloud. And he has every right to be. This (single and good-looking!) Scorpio, (who responds to my astrological probing reluctantly, not believing in "that shit"), already has a multitude of publishing credits in McGill Street Magazine, Existere, Poetry Canada, Inspirations and the Booginsh Foundation. And so I am honoured to make Marqus our featured writer of the month. In addition to the numerous publications, Marqus has also won several awards from literary institutions including: Books in Canada, McLaughlin Fellows and Vandoo Newsmagazine. In order to promote his poetry he occasionally reads for Scribes and Muses, a company devoted to advancing awareness of underexposed and talented local Toronto artists. Although Marqus is not exclusively involved in the literary scene, (much of his poetry takes on a double function as both song lyrics and strong poetry on its own—see the Woodrow review on the music page), he has a lot to say about writing as a lifestyle. Marqus has agreed to share his literary expertise with other struggling artists in this interview.

Q. Why did you begin to write?

A. "I don't know. I was always a big reader. I guess that's inspiration enough. Writing was something I just did—I didn't think about it too much. Teachers told me to keep it up and I did. Now that I'm doing stand-up, and film work, and singing in a band, all of those journals and folders are kind of handy. I never thought half of it would ever see the light of day, let alone become song lyrics. Maybe all of those lonely nights are finally starting to pay off."

Q. OK. So who are your greatest influences? Who has inspired your work the most?

A. "Chris Dunlop—my old English teacher. He made me read *The Catcher in the Rye*. Enough said. I discovered Pier Giorgio DiCicco in the library at York. I think it must have been fate. That guy blew me away. He was the main reason I got into writing poetry. I was studying visual arts at the time, and it was DiCicco's imagery that astounded me. He made me realize that there was more to poetry than flowers and fair maidens. Woody Allen is so funny and brilliant, it scares me. Douglas Copland—as a writer in the 90's, he gave me the go-ahead to write about the here-and-now: Lego, Kraft dinner, station wagons, pop music. Dan Piraro, (the creator of BIZARRO) is probably the funniest cartoonist in the world. I owe him a lot."

Q. Wow. Those are quite a diverse set of influences. Imagine you had to be one writer. Who would it be?

A. "It would have to be Rick Bass. His work is amazing. His characters and stories stay with you long after you put the book down, for the simple fact that they are modern-day myths. I don't know how he does it—they seem so simple—and yet the stories are 'larger than themselves'. He's also an environmental activist—does field-work and everything. That's why his take on man vs. nature is so profound, 'cause he's actually there and he lives that every day."

Q. So then what's your recommended reading list for the holidays?

A. "Low Flying Aircraft" by T.M McNally, "The Things They Carried" by Tim O'Brien, "The Power of Myth" by Joseph Campbell, "The One True Story of the World" by Lynne McFall, "Crazy Wisdom" by Wes Nisker, "Like Life" by Lorrie Moore and "Landscape at the End of the Century" by Stephen Dunn."

Q. Whoa, that's quite the hefty reading list. Thank God for the one month Christmas vacation. What about the literary scene in Toronto? Any thoughts or advice for our readers?

A. "I'm not the right person to ask. I haven't really pushed myself, or started to send out material on a regular basis. It's the old chicken-and-the-egg syndrome: you can't get published without a decent resume, and you can't add to your resume without getting published. I say, do the poetry readings. Get yourself out there. Support each other. Besides, I don't like waiting around for three or four months for some holier-than-thou editor to send me a photocopied rejection letter. That's not why I'm doing this. (pause) I'm doing this for the babes . . ."

Smooch

(1)
My blood and yours,
competing in potato sacks,
racing with our parents to outgrow each other.

(2)
Museum day trip,
cherries in a paper brown bag
we get there on the stuff
left over by dinosaurs.

Crab yellow bus,
the colour of butterfly wings,
pinned down,
and gawked at.

I'd rather be outside
with the living,
estimating all the lifespans
of those little clouds.

(3)
I can hide from you standing still,
cinnamon hearts in my little hand,
the seeds that'll make you come around
more often
than not.

And I like the way you sent ham valentines
the words 'boil me' on a pink card.
And I like the way that both
the big and little dipper both
point towards your front yard.

NONSENSE

We're feeling around for earth words
to somehow save this life that is ours
when every cord will get tangled
and our words do get tangled

(we're speaking nonsense) you're spinning me around in the air
empty pie-plate sun
and cute movie fun
(nonsense) your stuck-on ears come unglued
and you can hear me for once

Insofar as people are deluding themselves
there will always be jobs
I mean, 100 000 lemmings can't be wrong
so meet me and my pants at the bottom of the pool
and reduce me and the filter to bubbling fools
we're babbling fools

(we're speaking nonsense) she asked me if I knew anything about kissing
which was rather odd
'cause I happened to be kissing her at the time

I could write the story of my life on a piece of confetti.
When the hole in your sock talks back
and your fan club meeting's in a phonebooth
and every year you get a picture of a cake for your birthday
(It's nonsense)
Is this the life I've walked in to?
or is this the life I've made?

CHLORA

Silver whistle necklace
cuts sound through the deep-end
a metal that seems to come from the ground.

I see my reflection in the laminated Pool Rules
my nails growing, proof of a heartbeat.
You teach me the front crawl
the butterfly for summer
your chlorine shoulders, so well-washed.

We get excited about different things;
like buoyancy
like spotlights under water.
The hard, red stripes of your swimsuit
and me,
caesarean girl in her one-piece
embarrassed to splash the corners
of her scar.

Untitled

Stephanie Tencer

A magical moment occurred,
As one step forward I took,
And landed in a sea of clouds.
Delighted, and full with ecstasy,
I ventured about my exploration.
My eyes swallowed all they could see,
And my skin inhaled all that surrounded.
The melodies were sweet and the kanna warm.
And as I sat on a little fluffy cloud,
I watched tiny droplets,
Like morning dew,
Fall to the Earth.
As each droplet hit the lonely planet,
A warm glow began to emerge.
It was like that far away being,
The Earth as one entity,
Radiated back a beautiful smile.
So aware of each other's presence,
The tiny droplet caressed the Earth's cheek,
As passionately as does one lover to another.

The Fire Girl

Kate Davis

Remembering the little daze
with braids and beads and broken ways
Stains upon the window pane
Please refrain from smoking.

Arms against a red brick wall
John will catch us if we fall
broke my pair of brand new shoes
We mustn't lose on Monday.

Let's go down to Andy's flat
He can tell us where she's at
whirlpool slides and sandy sky
Don't know why she listens

And if he tried
I let him
In violet shadow Eye spy
The fire girl stole the butcher's knife
Which one was I?
Number three, that was me
but then they wondered 'who is she?'

Yet another call for submissions
We need you! I need a featured
writer of the month! Call 534-9123
and ask for Antonia with any ideas or
submissions over the holidays

Mixed Messages

Lincoln Trudeau

Censorship and conformity are necessary
evils we must face if we are to
nullify ideas which threaten the
standards of decency forming the basis of
our society

refusing to believe
This will certainly lead to a world overrun by
hypocrites and trouble makers
Ignorant uneducated people

society cannot allow this
Madness these people must be assimilated or neutralized
or we will revert to a state of anarchy and be lost

trying to allow people to do as they please amounts only to
hostility of all kinds
endless amounts of violence and
racism all of which are readily accepted in the name of
freedom of speech a catch-phrase intended to
undermine the legislative authorities

chaos is the end result: of such liberal expression where
killing becomes one of life's pleasures and
evil takes over all aspects of life and destroys the human
race as we know it

Shale

W. N. O'Higgins

"I'm sorry to call you at work, but I had to talk to a grown up or I'm going to go 'round the twist."
Karen laughed, forgiving at once -- knowing from experience what it is like to share a home with a precocious toddler and a newborn. Armed with this knowledge she jotted a note to her secretary for a few minutes of peace and settled in her plush, leather chair and prepared to listen.

"I just called, you know, to just chat and see what's going on."

Karen made the usual noises, talking about movies Alice could not have seen, and restaurants she could no longer afford, and then she asked about Brian.

"He left..." her voice tightens around the words like a noose "and I haven't heard from him in six weeks."

Karen sputtered briefly about why, and then remembers the affairs, the increasing silence in her sister's house, and finally the months of public arguments about the child he did not want. She went quiet then, uncertain what to say. Her sister would know she was sorry, but it hardly helped.

"I've been getting by on savings, but it seems like every time I went out for groceries Matt would run off somewhere, hiding, and send me into a panic. Now I'm just calling to have food delivered and staying in the house. I had to cancel to diaper service because of the cost, and so even the daily contact with the diaper guy is gone and I'm lonely. I never could leave my boys with a sitter, and now I'm getting so lonesome for a real voice I just had to call you."

Alice's voice takes on the exhausted resignation of a lifetime insomniac as she speaks, the words delivered exactly as she imagined them, over and over, after she awoke seven hours before. When she awoke to the sound of her baby screaming, jolting her out of screaming dreams.

Karen latches onto a problem she can solve with desperation, drowning out of sympathy. She exclaims that money is no problem, and arranges to transfer some funds into her sister's account. She then explains, apologetically, that she can't leave the country to visit.

"I know, I know you can't come to me, and I can't bear the thought of taking the boys on the plane, not yet. I don't even need the money, not yet. I just needed to call, to talk, and you are the only one I know that wasn't his friend first. I've been listening to the answering machine message just to hear a voice that doesn't sound like my own. I keep talking to Matt, hoping that he will start to talk, but he just looks at me with those huge blue eyes, just like He used to, and I can't look at him."

Karen lets the pause lengthen into a silence, uncertain what to say, uncertain what to do. She feels like she did in high school, when her little sister was taller and prettier than she: helpless and insignificant to offer anything.

"When I was at the hospital he took the books away. I was under observation but making the calls -- you know, to you and mom, all the acquaintances -- and he had all the books packed up and shipped to god knows where. Then he left, and I only want him to call so that I can know why: The only book left is a library book that Matt had hidden in his bed. He brings it to me, but I can't stand to hear myself say "red fish, blue fish" anymore. They aren't words any longer, just sounds that break up the silences between the baby's crying."

Again, Karen is struck dumb, thinking of the fines mounting on this book that Alice can't leave the house to return or replace. "The worst part is that I've lost the dreams." Alice's voice shrinks to a whisper.

Karen gasps, troubled more by this than anything. She recalls the stories that Alice told her throughout their childhood, offering solace and escape into a bappy fantasy of handsome princes and magical worlds. She remembers how the stories of Alice's dreams got her through the rough times when their parents split, when Eddie died. Afterwards she could not recall what she said, but it must have seemed to Alice to be non-committal, given her response.

"Well, they were important to me, and now they're gone," Alice almost wailed. "I don't know what I am going to do, with two kids and almost no money, a marriage with a husband-sized hole in it, and I can't sleep right and my three year old won't talk, and you don't even care. Thanks for talking."

Bitten by the bitterness of the words, stung by the dial tone, Karen hung up the phone. She called her bank and transferred some money, but it didn't make her feel any better.

Alice starts to cry, but then she sees Matt watching her, and the tears sputter and die before they can be released. Matt continues to stare, and approaches her, the book in his outstretched hands. She walks away, going to the baby's room, where she sits beside the crib, stiff and silent. Matt sits too, facing her, the book in his lap, patient.

After a while the baby wakes, wailing, and Alice picks him up and feeds him, pained by a startlingly early tooth. After a while he is done, and she puts him back in his crib, swabs the blood from her breast and sinks back into the hard-backed rocking chair, spent. Slowly, she slips into a fitful sleep, thinking about what she did not tell her sister, about what replaced the comforting dreams. Her head squats on her chest, her greasy and neglected hair falling into her lap. Matt gets up and goes into the kitchen. He turns on the gas burners on the stove, and stands on a chair beside them, fascinated by the play of flame. He mutters the only word that he can say, "Baby." He sounds exactly like He did, and he has been saying his word for nearly a week.

As Alice sleeps she scuttles into the dream. The endless variation of her dreams has been flattened to a single vision. The bright, comforting colours of her dreams, which she used to describe to Karen when they were scared, have been pared down to shades of grey. The images of her dreams are now arrayed in tones ranging from the wan grey of weathered bone to the lightning-charred darkness of a favourite tree. She always enters the dream the same way. She finds herself in a vast bowl of sun-cracked mud under an overcast sky, watching her prince charming ride away from her on a pale horse. As he rides the horse scatters the creatures that fill the basin, tiny grey creatures that barely escape the hoofbeats or are struck aside. Alice approaches these wounded creatures, which seem to be alternately ducklings or kittens or baby rabbits, though sickly and dull of eye. Not at all like the beloved creatures of childhood past. She approaches one of these beings as it drags its shattered hindquarters silently away from her. She reaches out to it, a crippling sense of foreboding almost overwhelming her, and touches it. As she does the creature's skin bursts open and it shrieks. Alice awakes to the sound of her baby screaming, the memory of warm, stinking, blood still fresh on her face, smelling of charnel houses and sour milk. She has slept less than two hours.

She picks up her baby, cooling at it even as her gorge rises at the sound of her own voice. As she turns with the baby on her shoulder she sees Matt, watching her. He does not say anything. He does not say anything.

When the baby quiets down she replaces him in his crib and goes through her twilight house. She finds the stove and turns it off, and goes to the phone. She picks it up, but it is dead. She must have forgotten to pay the bill. She replaces the hand set and looks at it. It was once a tasteful shade, but now it looks as though it is made of bone. She goes to the refrigerator, hungry, but there is nothing left but a sprig of wilted, ash-coloured celery and a jar of applesauce. She gives the jar to Matt, refusing the book again, and a spoon. She tries not to be sick at the smell and look of the mush as Matt scoops it into his mouth, mechanically. His gaze never leaves her face. She looks away. It is too late to call the store.

She goes to the bathroom and looks at her face in the mirror by the light of the hall lamp. The light bulb has burnt out, and there are none left. She looks bad, charcoal circles under steel-coloured eyes, pale skin stretched and shiny over bone. She checks the medicine cabinet, but there are no more pills, haven't been for days. The hall light pops and goes out, leaving her staring at the memory of her face. She cannot recall what she looked like before.

The baby starts to howl again, and she goes to his room. She feeds him, and sits again, unable to move, unwilling to sleep.

The horse gallops silently away, carrying her peace with it. She moves, her breathing laboured, the air thick with dread, the silence impenetrable. She reaches for the crushed creature, not kitten, not duckling, not bunny. She sees her hand, reaching. She cannot call it back. Again at her touch it cries and is rent apart, spraying her with grey ichor.

Alice wakes as suddenly as all the times before. She is standing. The light coming through the curtains from the streetlight makes her hands look black. The baby is silent.

Morning Torment

Billy Mugwump

Four feet caught in a tangle of
blanket
blinds tapping the window
sunrise peeping through
the sounds of sleep slowly wane
a fingernail gently scrapes
the smoothness of an inner arm
the sensitive spot at the nape of the
neck
a tease of a touch
a hint of a smile
a shiver
a rise
still half in dreamspace
the touch of a tongue behind an ear
makes the silence seem deafening
the resonance of a heartbeat grows in
frequency
the fingernail travelling at a snail's
pace
up and down
around a hipbone jutting
behind a kneecap dipping
a sense of urgency in morning calm
pleasure beckons, fulfillment calls
lured?
not anymore.

The Rear End

HOROSCOPES

Aries (March 21 - April 19)

Kiss my ram!
Suck my sheep!
Be good this month... or you will weep.
(with Little Bo Beep)
(and her sheep)

Taurus (April 20 - May 19)

When I look into my crystal ball I see bull...yours mainly. Stress gives way to solstice cheer as hungry souls get their share of harmony at last. Ditch the bull or else learn to live with it. Not to be materialistic or anything, but go buy yourself that new car or mixer you've been dreaming about.

Gemini (May 20 - June 20)
Thou two-faced varlet... May thee realize fully the consequences of thine unearthly manipulations of time and space. Shed thy old demons to bring in the New Year... 'tis time for a new soap opera. Forseeably, indulge thy sweet tooth in seasonal delights.

Cancer (June 21 - July 22)

The Cheshire Cat smiles as your depression lifts. The caterpillar with his hookah grins as widely as you finally figure out what the fuck to do with your life... 'cause you'll soon be in full awareness of what you really want for solstice (and I'm not talking goods baby). 'Tis the season to feel exhilarated, things won't matter half as much in a couple of weeks, I promise.

Leo (July 23 - August 21)

How's your love life? Work on it. Be sensitive and keep your eyes peeled for troubled seas on the horizon.

Virgo (August 22 - September 22)

Solid hardbag, baby! Your past hopes and dreams are going thumpy thumpy in your brain, remember, the New Year's almost here, a new day... Smile when you figure out what's been going wrong and make the best of it; I know you will because you compulsive types are insanely lucky. But this month, you deserve it.

Libra (September 23 - October 22)

Don't let no one fuck wit' yo' head. Be strong and be pumped (make like Arnie and flex, deny the tumah). Come on ye faithless, you'd da shit and doncho fo'get 'bout it man. Trust in lust and you'll never bite the dust. Like Tetris, but with your life.

Scorpio (October 23 - November 21)

Rob Brezny says you need a bigger stash. Rob Brezny I'm not, but you need a bigger stash... but whether it's cash or hash I'm not sure. Go on, be analytical (as is your wont) and figure out some constructive New Year's resolutions. Okay? Okay. Good.

Sagittarius (November 22 - December 21)

Get the sag out of it - and take the arius out of your bad habits. Nosferatu and Dracula are not your friends this month, so keep a heavy hand on the garlic press of life while you keep your neck covered at all times (this, in combination with the garlic will also keep you from getting that shitty cold everyone else seems to have right now). Let your inspiration flow like rivers of wavy gravy on your holiday turkey, and don't forget, be civil to spazzwads.

Capricorn (December 22 - January 20)

Be different! Take a walk on the wild side! I suggest loud Lynard Skynard and a shitload of S&M gear. Make your New Year's resolution to throw all such resolution crap out the window. Pomegranate Pomegranate zup zup za, Pomegranate Pomegranate sis boom bah!

Aquarius (January 20 - February 19)

I hereby predict all the sex, chocolate and satisfaction you can stuff in your stocking. You're dynamite, a pseudo-speedy Gonzales. Slowpoke Rodriguez is on his way out... make your partner change the channels for you during those mountains of sex when you get bored of it. Not that you will. 'Tis the season for true fulfillment.

Pisces (February 20 - March 20)

Realization springs forth from a massive disappointment. Make sure you absorb what you learned from it and don't let it trip you up (or out) again. There is good stuff for you coming up in the new year, try being an atypical Piscean and figure out how you'll get to it soonest and in a straight line.

Sorry if this sounds personal, but this is what it says in the stars.

Quiz: Are you a Sexual Deviant?

1. You masturbate with:
a) your left hand so it'll feel like someone else
b) raw meat - not necessarily your own, the stuff you're serving for dinner
c) other supermarket apparatus
d) your little sister's gerbil
e) your little sister

2. Your collection of sex toys consists of:
a) condoms on your significant other
b) plastic handcuffs and a camel whip
c) the six-inch thriller dong and a pocket pussy
d) your little brother's transformers
e) your little brother

3. Pornography is pictures of:
a) people doing "it"
b) animals, machinery and yourself
c) Michael Jackson, Macaulay Culkin and Free Willy
d) yo' mama
e) Flea complete with goo

4. You could never kiss anyone with:
a) bad teeth
b) dragon's breath
c) a machete
d) no genitals
e) "huh? kiss?"

5. You would only kiss someone with:
a) nice teeth
b) snoochie boochies, man
c) Santa watching you
d) big genitals
e) Klieg lights, a director and a High 8 present

6. When you engage in amorous activities you listen to:
a) Sade
b) deep throbbly reggae
c) Lynard Skynard
d) cats in your backyard
e) your little brother

7. Your idea of an exotic place for a snog is:
a) the bathroom
b) futon store displays
c) the Innis Caf
d) Joel Schuster's house
e) The North Pole (with Santa)

8. Your fetish is:
a) either breasts or bottoms
b) feet
c) leather, lip salve and lobotomies
d) scat
e) smurfs (and your little brother)

9. What's your favourite position?
a) missionary
b) the SANTA
c) upside down
d) inverted
e) Picasso - style

10. You dream of:
a) movie stars
b) your mother/father
c) Freud
d) mangoes, helicopters and radiccio
e) slime, ooze and other such like goo-based substances

If you answered mostly:
A's - you are not a sexual deviant in fact you anything but. You wish you were creative enough to be devious.
B's - there is some hope for you yet. You have not reached official "deviant" status yet, but not to fear, you're on the waiting list. Stand by.

C's - you swingin' experimentalist, you! I bet you're half giggling, half wondering how we knew all about your sex life. Hopefully, you're ready for more rumpy pumpu... if you need some advice, our co-editor Steve is very cute. He can be reached at thisoffice (9784748).
D's - I hope your sex-life is vaguely representative of your sense of humor. May your libido soar like a spot-bellied Kingfisher and good luck finding a mate. Still that shouldn't be hard for someone with your potential.
E's - You are weird. Weird, sick and totally, utterly perverted. Congratulations! You are the lucky winner of the week. We'll expect next month's quiz (complete with explanatory notes at the end) by New Year's.

